ANATOMY OF A MURDER

Screenplay

by

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From the novel by Robert Traver

FINAL

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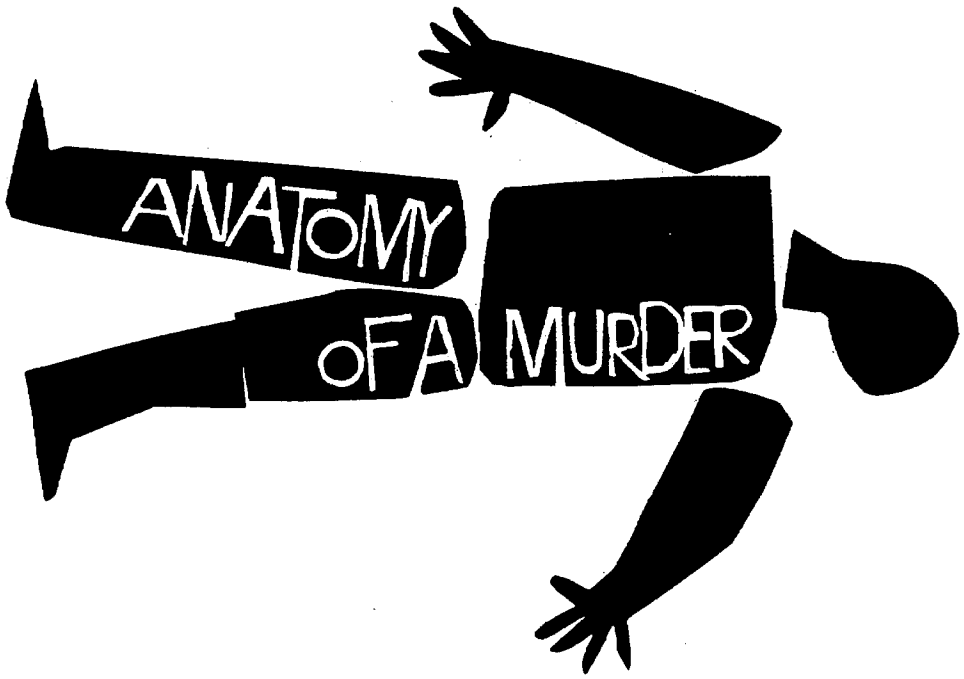
ANATOMY
OF A MURDER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A dusty, four-year-old car speeds along in the shadows of overhanging trees, moonlight splashing through to the pavement.

2 INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

The driver is PAUL BIEGLER. His fingers tap time against the steering wheel to MUSIC from the radio. In the glow from the dashboard we see a pleasant looking man in his early forties -- wry, humorous mouth, lean jaws, friendly eyes. He wears an old hunting jacket, shirt open at the throat. Several angling lures are hooked into the felt of his battered hat.

3 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car approaches. PAN it by as it hurries toward the distant lights of a small town. On the shoulder of the road a modest spotlighted sign reads:

THE C OF C WELCOMES YOU TO
IRON CITY, MICH.
WE'RE A LIVELY TOWN

4 EXT. MAIN STREET OF IRON CITY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The sidewalks are rolled up. A single auto is parked in front of a bar identified by a blue neon sign -- TRIPOLI BAR. A traffic light at an intersection futilely changes color -- kept company only by a lonesome night marshal standing on the corner. From down the street comes Paul's car.

5 DOOR OF TRIPOLI BAR - NIGHT

The white-aproned BARTENDER leans against the door jamb, watching the approaching car. Inside the bar, a man and woman are hunched over a table -- and at the bar stands a solitary drinker -- an elderly man, hat cocked on the back of his head, interest absorbed by a bottle on the bar. This is PARNELL. Paul's car rolls past the bar. Paul waves, calls out, "Hi, Toivo." The bartender answers Paul with a wave.

TOIVO
(over his shoulder)
Hey, Mr. McCarthy, your pal just drove into town.

6 INT. TRIPOLI BAR - NIGHT

Toivo turns from the door, comes behind the bar. Parnell pours himself another drink from the bottle on the bar.

PARNELL
Just one more, Toivo.

Parnell is an erect, not quite drunk gentleman in his sixties. His hat was once an expensive velvet Homburg. His jacket is good tweed but worn and baggy. He wears a Tattersall vest of brilliant colors which seems wonderfully right on Parnell -- a reflection of a young heart and love of life. As Parnell tosses the drink off, Toivo watches him with a gentle compassion. Parnell now fumbles in his various pockets for some money.

PARNELL
(continues)
Toivo, I'm afraid I'm going to have to pay my bar bill tomorrow.

TOIVO
You're good with me, Mr. McCarthy.

PARNELL
Thank you, Toivo.

He straightens his old Homburg hat, smooths out the Tattersall vest and heads for the door.

PARNELL
(continues)
Good night, Toivo.

TOIVO
Good night, Mr. McCarthy.

7 EXT. PAUL'S HOME AND OFFICE - NIGHT

On the main street -- the lights of the business district in the distance. Paul's car approaches the old, two-storied house -- swings into the driveway. In CLOSE SHOT the headlights catch his shingle fastened to a support post on the front porch. It reads: PAUL BIEGLER - ATTY. AT LAW. The headlights go out. Paul climbs from the car, bringing with him a collapsed fly rod, a knapsack and a trout basket. In the darkness he comes up the steps, fumbles into the mail box for the door key, opens the door, flips the light switch inside.

8 INT. HALLWAY - PAUL'S HOME AND OFFICE - NIGHT

Lighted by a shaded bulb hanging from the ceiling, the sparsely furnished foyer -- an umbrella stand by the door and a limp, artificial potted plant. A flight of stairs rises to the second floor.

8 CONTINUED:

The hallway runs past the stairs to the rear of the house. In the f. g. a piece of white note paper is speared on one of the points of a deer's antlers, which, attached to the wall, serve as a hat rack. In the b. g. Paul has entered, closed the door behind him with a practiced kick. He comes to the antlers, cocks his head sideways to read the note. His lips move a little as he reads.

9 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

A darkened interior. At an angle we look through an open door which leads into the dark outer office. In the outer office another open door leads into the lighted hallway. Paul is seen in the hallway reading the note on the antlers. Not disturbing the note, he enters the outer office, passes through into the private office. He turns on a standing lamp. Illuminated, this office is quite a large room -- was once a dining room. The walls are lined with law books. There is a cluttered, roll-top desk and swivel desk chair. Grouped about the desk are several other assorted chairs. Against one wall is an ancient black leather couch and on a small safe in a corner a portable record player with a well-stocked album rack. Near the safe is an old upright piano against the wall, the panel missing, revealing its musical works. The round dining table, left over from times past, is stacked with law books and legal journals. Paul deposits his fishing gear on the table, lifts a brown paper sack from his coat pocket, stands it on the table. The sack contains the shape of a bottle. He opens a closet door, and on the inside of the door is fixed a canvas panel on which are fastened myriad trout lures. Paul removes the lures from his hat, hooks them into the canvas. The last is a brightly colored Royal Coachman. He affectionately blows on its pretty feathers before fastening it to the panel. Now he tosses his hat into the closet, closes the door, gets his trout basket, brushes through a swinging door into the kitchen.

10 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

As he enters, he lights the room. There are no built-in modern cabinets here. This kitchen, like the rest of the house, belongs to another period. There is an antique kitchen cabinet, a sink with wooden drainboard and brass fixtures, a sanded kitchen table and a kerosene stove of early vintage. Alone in modern splendor is a big, upright freezer. Paul takes a half-dozen trout from his basket, plops them on the table. He removes his hunting jacket, takes a knife from a drawer, sets about cleaning the fish. Now he remembers the note on the antlers. Wiping his hands on a towel, he goes through another door in the kitchen which leads into the hallway.

11 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paul comes from the back of the hallway to the antlers, picks off the note and goes again into the outer office.

12 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

He enters from the outer office, takes the telephone, glances at the note, dials the operator. The operator responds, her voice remote, mechanical.

PAUL
(into phone)
Operator, I want 489 in Thunder Bay.
(reading note)
I want to speak to a Mrs. Manion.
M-A-N-I-O-N Manion. This is
Paul Biegler speaking. Iron City 700.

13 EXT. THUNDER BAY TOURIST PARK - NIGHT

On the outside of a small, darkened hut a dimly illuminated sign reads: THUNDER BAY PARK - OFFICE. Beyond and scattered along a narrow road are the shapes of darkened house trailers -- autos parked beside them. At the end of the road a wide lake shimmers in the moonlight. In the hut a telephone TINKLES faintly. A light goes on in the hut and through the window we see an elderly man come from a back room wearing his bathrobe. This is Mr. LEMON, the park caretaker and deputy sheriff. He answers the phone on the wall -- listens -- replies -- leaves the phone dangling, comes outside the hut -- flashlight in hand -- hurries away to disappear among the trailers.

14 ANOTHER PART OF TOURIST PARK - NIGHT

Lemon comes through trees, flashlight beam leading the way, approaching a trailer in the f. g. The trailer has a striped awning over the front door, a couple of canvas chairs outside the stoop. Light shines through the broad picture window on the front end of the trailer. The CAMERA LOOKS through the picture window into the living room of the trailer. A folding table is littered with cheap magazines, a half empty bottle of whiskey, and several glasses. A pink bra hangs on the back of the chair and an army officer's cap and jacket are hooked to a nail in the wall. A woman's negligee hangs from a corner of an open closet door, and on the floor, below the negligee, are a pair of blue-puffed bed slippers. Beyond the living room is the passage way which also serves as a kitchen. At the end of the passage way we glimpse an unmade bed. The effect is not of squalor -- but rather of sensual carelessness. Mr. Lemon has reached the trailer and we hear him rap on the door several times. Now the door opens and Lemon thrusts his head into the trailer. He calls, "Mrs. Manion?" Satisfied she is not there he closes the door.

15 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul with the phone, waiting for the call to come through. He glances out the window.

16 EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parnell is crossing the street toward Paul's house. He passes under a street lamp, teeters a little on the curb as he steps up.

17 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul, seeing Parnell, grins and lowers the blind. The operator's muffled voice brings him to attention.

PAUL
(into phone)
Hello? -- yes -- well, do they know when she'll be there? .... I see ..... alright, leave a message for her to call this number. Thanks.

He hangs up, thoughtfully folds the note and puts it in his shirt pocket, returns to the kitchen, leaving the door open. From the front of the house comes the sound of a door opening and closing and Parnell comes from the outer office into Paul's private office.

PAUL
(in the kitchen)
What do you say there, counselor?

PARNELL
(sees the brown paper bag)
What's in the brown paper bag?

PAUL
It could be a cabbage head.

PARNELL
But it wouldn't be.

PAUL
You're a suspicious man.

PARNELL
True. I'm everlastingly suspicious of and/or fascinated by the contents of brown paper bags. Shall I sneak a peek?

PAUL
You do that -- and uncork whatever you find.

Parnell peers into the paper bag. Paul enters with two glasses and a pitcher of water.

PARNELL
Shall I pour?

17 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Your privilege.

PARNELL
(pouring)
My pleasure, sir.

They drink. Paul goes to the piano, sits and begins to fool around with some passages of jazz. Parnell sizes up the contents of the bottle, which is half-empty.

PARNELL
You fought this soldier by yourself. You've been drinking alone. I don't like that, Polly.

PAUL
Drop the stone, counselor. You live in a glass house.

PARNELL
My windows were busted a long time ago so I can say as I please. When a man starts drinking alone he digs a hole for himself. Me -- I'm almost through to China.

PAUL
Want an Italian cigar?

PARNELL
No thanks. Those stink weeds are another sign of your decadence.

Paul lights a cigar and returns to his play with the piano keys. Parnell pours himself another drink.

PARNELL
(tossing the drink off)
Polly, it's a fact. Since Mitch Lodwick beat you out of the office of prosecuting attorney you haven't been worth salt for peanuts. Not that I don't understand how you feel. Man gets beat for an office he's held a long time, he feels his community has deserted him -- the finger of scorn is pointed....

PAUL
None but the lonely heart shall know my anguish.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

PARNELL
It's been a full year since you were skinned at the polls. How long are you going to skulk like this?

PAUL
What the hell are you talking about?

PARNELL
Man, you're an honest-to-God lawyer. You ought to make like one -- be here -- ready for clients -- not fishing or playing that rootity toot jazz --

PAUL
Go ahead, Parn. Have another drink. Don't stand on ceremony.

PARNELL
If it means keeping our friendship I guess I can take another wee drop.

He pours a shot and downs it.

PAUL
I'm making a living. I run some abstracts -- divorce Jane Doe from John Doe once in a while -- or threaten a few dead beats -- and in the evening I drink rye whiskey and read law with Parnell Emmett McCarthy -- one of the world's great men.

There's a little silence.

PARNELL
That was a kind word, Polly.
(a pause)
You know -- I might have been. That's one reason I hate to see your talent pushed aside by lesser men. I look at you and see myself -- thirty years ago -- with the same love for the smell of the old brown books in a dusty office.
(he takes a book from a shelf)
Now here's a rose, a lily, a sweet lupine -- the United States Supreme Court Reports!

Parnell takes out his specs, sits at the table.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

PARNELL
(continues)
Well, what shall we read this evening? How about a little Chief Justice Holmes -- maybe a few dissenting opinions.

The phone RINGS.

PAUL
Restrain Chief Justice Holmes for a minute. I think I have a client -- at least I've been waiting for a call.
(into phone)
Hello? ... Yes, this is Biegler speaking... Hello? ... Mrs. Manion?

Parnell snaps his specs off his nose -- moves in close to Paul.

PAUL
(continues; into phone)
I tried to reach you a while ago... did you get my message?

PARNELL
(whispering)
Who is that? What was that name?

PAUL
(seeing Parnell's excitement)
Just a minute -- this seems to be a bad connection -- hold on, will you, please?
(he covers mouthpiece)
A woman named Manion -- Maida took a message from her.

PARNELL
In Thunder Bay?

PAUL
Yes.

PARNELL
She wants you to represent her husband. Say yes.

PAUL
I don't even know what it's about.

PARNELL
Pretend you know and say yes.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

Paul, doubtful but trusting Parnell, opens the mouthpiece of the phone.

PAUL
Hello? -- Yes, that's better. I can hear you now.

18 INT. PHONE BOOTH - THUNDER BAY AMUSEMENT ARCADE - NIGHT

LAURA MANION is on the phone. Her face is obscured by dark glasses. She wears a trench coat -- the collar turned up a little. On the directory shelf sits a small, fuzzy dog watching his mistress as she talks. Outside the booth is a busy gaming arcade -- pinball machines, grab cages -- populated by tourists in Bermuda shorts -- and soldiers and their girl friends -- and outside the open front of the arcade lies the lake.

LAURA
(into phone)
...I waited for you to call all afternoon.

PAUL'S VOICE
(filtered)
...I'm sorry. I only just got home a while ago --

LAURA
(into phone)
...You've read about my husband --

The little dog BARKS at a passing soldier.

LAURA
(continues)
-- Please, Muff, please --
(she quiets the dog)
...Mr. Biegler? -- You've read about my husband? --

19 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul on the phone, Parnell hanging over him.

PAUL
(lying)
Well -- yes -- I have -- a little...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

LAURA'S VOICE
(filtered)
Will you defend him?

PAUL
I don't know, I'd have to know more about it.

LAURA'S VOICE
(filtered)
Will you talk to him...
(the dog barks - filtered)
Muff, please -- Mr. Biegler, he's in the county jail --

20 INT. PHONE BOOTH THUNDER BAY ARCADE - NIGHT

LAURA
(into phone)
Could you see him in the morning? He's anxious to see you. You've been so highly recommended....

21 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

PAUL
(into phone - surprised)
I have? By who?

LAURA'S VOICE
(filtered)
I don't know -- someone told my husband about you -- Will you see him?

PAUL
Yes, I suppose I can. I'll see him in the morning.

22 INT. PHONE BOOTH THUNDER BAY AMUSEMENT ARCADE - NIGHT

LAURA
(into phone)
Would you want me there, too, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL'S VOICE
(filtered)
If you like, Mrs.. Manion -- say ten o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

LAURA
(almost whispered relief)
Thank you -- thank you so much.

She hangs up -- sags against the phone -- turns her face away, takes off the dark glasses, dabs at her eyes with a handkerchief. Muff puts his paws on her arm, tries to lick her cheek.

23 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Parnell, excited, is pouring himself the last drink from the bottle.

PARNELL
A man named Barney Quill raped Mrs. Manion. Her husband -- he's a lieutenant in the army -- there's a temporary base in Thunder Bay, gunnery or something like that -- the Lieutenant goes to Quill's place and plugs Mr. Quill about five times which causes Mr. Quill to promptly die of lead poisoning.

PAUL
(going into the kitchen)
When did this happen?

PARNELL
(following Paul)
Couple of nights ago. If you hadn't been floating around in a rowboat in some God-forsaken backwater you'd know about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. PAUL'S HOME - MORNING

A car, same age as Paul's machine, rambles to a halt in front of the house. MAIDA - Paul's secretary - has arrived for work. She's middle-aged, seems rather dour, but her mouth has a suspiciously comic twist -- and if she appears to be cynical, a closer look at her eyes will give away her good heart. She wears, everlastingly, a small flowered hat -- the badge of respectability among middle-aged, middle western American women. At the stoop she picks up the bottle of milk and casts about among the bushes for the morning paper -- mumbling as she searches, "Where'd he throw it this time?" She can't find the paper, goes on in the house, collecting the mail en route.

25 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The outer office, seen in daylight, is Maida's office. Here are filing cabinets, her desk and typewriter and a beat-up sofa for waiting clients. She drops the mail on her desk, passes into Paul's private office.

26 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

The window shades are drawn -- the lamp still burns. Parnell is stretched out on the couch, hat over his face -- a couple of beer bottles on the floor beside him. Maida opens the blinds, turns out the lamp, glowers at Parnell and pushes through the swinging door into the kitchen.

27 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paul is at the table -- dressed, shaved, and nervously drinking coffee as he reads the newspaper.

PAUL
Morning, Maida.

MAIDA
Oh, there it is.

PAUL
What?

MAIDA
The newspaper. I thought maybe they didn't bring it. We haven't paid the bill.

She uncaps the milk bottle, pours a little into Paul's coffee as she looks over his shoulder to see what he is reading.

MAIDA
You get my note?

PAUL
Yes. We might be in the case. I'm reading up on it now before I talk to Lieutenant Manion.

She puts some bread in the toaster.

MAIDA
Doesn't he ever go home?

PAUL
Parnell? Well, we were up late last night.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

MAIDA
(flatly)
Is that a fact?

PAUL
I think you'd better cancel any appointments for the day.

MAIDA
What appointments? People think you've migrated to the woods.

Maida opens the big freezer, looks inside with disapproval.

MAIDA
If that freezer gets many more fish it'll swim up-stream and spawn -- all by itself.

She closes the freezer and goes to stand by the toaster -- waiting. The machine pops a piece of toast into the air. She catches it matter-of-factly -- puts it on a plate, takes it to the table, places it at Paul's elbow.

MAIDA
Could I have your attention for a minute?

PAUL
(still in the paper)
Um-hm.

MAIDA
I've been going over your checkbook. I can't pay me my salary. What did you do with the fee from the Willy's divorce? Help salt a uranium mine or something?

PAUL
I bought a few necessities.

MAIDA
Like a new outboard motor? Wish I could be classed as a necessity.

Paul drains the coffee cup -- takes his hat from the corner of a chair -- starts for the door into the hallway.

MAIDA
Don't you want your toast?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
(turning preoccupied)
I'll - I'll call you -- uh -- let you know how things go.

He exits. Maida follows him into the hallway and calls after him.

MAIDA
Don't let him pay you with Purple Hearts. Professional soldiers never have a dime. I know. I was married to one.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. IRON CLIFFS COUNTY COURTHOUSE AND JAIL - DAY

The CAMERA OPENS on Laura Manion's small, fuzzy dog, lying on the sidewalk. PAN up the leash to his mistress. LAURA MANION is dressed in high heels, tight ankle length capri pants and a thin clinging jersey sweater. Her hair is smoothly brushed but careless. Her eyes are still concealed behind dark glasses. She is leaning idly against the fender of her parked car. On the lawn about the three-storied, domed Courthouse the usual old men, forever found loitering on the Courthouse lawns, are silently watching Laura. The sensuous woman is not in the least embarrassed by their open-mouthed attention. Beyond the Courthouse and separated from it by an alley is the county jail. Its barred windows overlook the sidewalk and street where Laura is waiting. Paul's car rolls up, nudges into the curb. Paul gets out, sees Laura and the audience she has gathered. After taking it all in for a moment he goes to where she is waiting.

PAUL
I beg your pardon, are you Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
Hi.

PAUL
I'm Paul Biegler.

LAURA
I'm Laura.

Her lips seem to always wear a tremulous, childish smile which could be apologetic or inviting or a secret pleasure at the effect she has on men, and is probably all of these. Muff barks at Paul.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

LAURA
(continues;
scooping the dog
into her arms)
This is Muff.

Paul, a little embarrassed at the attention they are getting from the old men on the courthouse lawn, takes Laura's arm and they move toward the jail.

PAUL
Shall we walk to the jail?

The CAMERA STAYS with them as they go.

LAURA
You're tall.

PAUL
(slightly
disconcerted)
I hope I haven't kept you waiting long.

LAURA
I had company.

PAUL
Yes, I noticed.

She chuckles -- an appealing, throaty laugh.

29 INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

There is a small reception area which contains a desk and a couple of straight-backed chairs. Behind the desk is a barred steel door through which we can see a flight of iron steps leading upward to the cell floors. Another opening leads to the jailer's living quarters and another door, labeled SHERIFF, goes off into a larger office. The main door opens -- causing a buzzer to SOUND loudly somewhere off in the jailer's quarters -- and Paul and Laura enter. SULO, the jailer, answering the buzzer, hurries into the office. Sulo is a stooped, slow moving man with an open, good face. He speaks with a Finnish accent.

PAUL
Hello, Sulo.

SULO
(happily shaking
Paul's hand)
Hello, Polly. It's good to see you, Polly. I guess you're coming for the soldier boy.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Think that it would be alright if I talk to him in the Sheriff's office?

SULO
Oh shu, Polly. You go in the Sheriff's office. I bring the soldier-boy down.

PAUL
Thanks, Sulo.

Sulo unlocks the barred door, goes up the stairs as Laura and Paul go into the Sheriff's office.

30 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A room off the turnkey's station. A desk, several chairs, filing cabinets, a padlocked wall cage in which hang numerous and assorted guns. A bulletin board is on one wall with many federal "wanted" circulars. One large circular has 10 photographs and is headlined "TEN MOST WANTED MEN." Along one side of the room a straight white line has been painted on the floor, running from wall to wall. On one wall at the end of the white line is a chart for testing vision. The barred windows of the room look out into the street and over the Courthouse lawn. Paul and Laura enter.

PAUL
Would you mind taking off your glasses, Mrs. Manion?

A moment -- then she takes off the dark glasses. The swelling has gone from the flesh about her eyes but dark bruises remain.

PAUL
Barney Quill do that to you?

LAURA
More than that. You should see. All over.

She smiles -- seems to be waiting for some reaction from Paul.

PAUL
Put them back on if it's more comfortable for you.

Still smiling she slips the glasses back on -- a curiously coquettish movement -- as if she were dropping a veil over her face.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Do you plan to stay for the trial, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
Are you serious?

PAUL
Well, you're a key witness. I'd like to know if you'll be around.

LAURA
Why wouldn't I?

PAUL
I don't know. Are you with your husband or against him?

LAURA
Why, with him -- of course I'm with him. You're awfully blunt, aren't you?

PAUL
The only way I could know was to ask.

In the reception office the steel door rattles and clangs shut. Sulo enters the Sheriff's office with Lieutenant Frederick Manion. Manion is about 28, with a smooth, handsome, cold face. He is neatly clothed in tailored U.S. Army Officers fatigues. He stands stiffly -- almost Prussian.

SULO
This is Polly Biegler. This is the bucko, Polly.

PAUL
(extending his hand)
Lieutenant Manion.

Manion takes the hand briefly, drops it.

MANION
Hello there, I've been waiting for you.

PAUL
Thanks, Sulo. Would you close the door behind you?

Sulo exits, softly closing the door.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION
Dummy.

PAUL
Sulo keeps good jail -- as good as a jail can be kept.

MANION
Hello, Laura.

LAURA
Hi.

Until now Manion has ignored Laura's presence. This does not go unnoticed by Paul.

PAUL
Mrs. Manion, could you meet me at my office about 2 o'clock? Ten-forty-two Main Street.

LAURA
Of course.

Paul opens the door for her. Laura rises and hesitates -- then goes to Manion, kissing him on the cheek.

LAURA
Anything I can get you, hon?

MANION
I'm alright, hon.

Laura smiles at Paul and goes. Paul closes the door. Almost immediately Manion moves away, wandering about the room.

MANION
(looking at the white line on the floor)
I could walk it. I could walk it with a quart of red eye in my belly.

Manion fastens his attention on the vision chart. He paces away from the chart to the opposite side of the room, reads it glibly, swiftly.

MANION
P-L-U-T-O-D-I-L-P-L-O-W-T-R-S-V, K-X-Z-A-E-M-U.

PAUL
One thing, we can't claim your shooting Barney Quill was a case of mistaken identity.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

Manion is not amused. He moves on to the bulletin board, reads the big circular about the 10 most wanted.

PAUL
Where're you from, Lieutenant?

MANION
Originally Pennsylvania. Where are you from?

PAUL
Here. All my life.

MANION
The big ten. We've got the 10 best dressed dames, the 10 top tunes, the 10 top teams and now the 10 most wanted.

PAUL
Don't knock it. It's the American dream. Those boys made the grade.

Manion sits in a chair, takes out a carved ivory cigarette holder and a package of cigarettes from his pocket, fits a cigarette into the holder and lights it with a gold pocket lighter.

PAUL
(continues)
Where'd you get the holder?

MANION
Korea. It's hand carved, Ming Dynasty, 400 years old.

PAUL
Clever people, the Chinese - smoking cigarettes in the sixteenth century.

MANION
(not blinking an eye)
They did, you know. You were the D.A. around here, weren't you?

PAUL
For ten years.

MANION
What's your experience as a defense lawyer?

PAUL
Not very much.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4)

MANION
How do I know you can handle my case?

PAUL
I guess you don't know. Shall we talk about it?

MANION
I suppose so.

PAUL
Don't be so bored, Lieutenant. It's possible no lawyer can handle your case -- if you mean get you off scot-free.

MANION
(a flicker of the eyelids; nothing else)
I want a lawyer to defend me, Mr. Biegler -- not throw me to the wolves.

PAUL
I'm giving you my first reaction to what I know about your case.

MANION
You're forgetting that Barney Quill raped my wife. I've got the unwritten law on my side.

PAUL
(annoyed)
Lieutenant Manion, the unwritten law is a myth. There is no such thing as the unwritten law and anyone who commits a murder on the theory that it does exist has just bought himself bed and board in the State Penitentiary - maybe for life. With that in mind, perhaps we can proceed with a few questions and answers which may be some help to your defense, but probably won't.

In the silence the two men measure each other. Paul calmly waiting, Manion coldly considering. Paul takes out an Italian cigar.

PAUL
(continues)
May I borrow your lighter?

Manion tosses the gold lighter. Paul lights his cigar, studies the lighter.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL
(continues)
Nice.

Sharply he tosses the lighter back to Manion. Manion puts the lighter away.

MANION
Okay.

PAUL
How old are you?

MANION
Thirty-one.

PAUL
How long have you been in the service?

MANION
Since '50.

PAUL
Have you seen action?

MANION
Plenty.

PAUL
Decorations?

MANION
Plenty. Anybody who doesn't cut and run gets those -- like K-rations.

PAUL
How long were you in Korea?

MANION
I got there in time for the big bug-out from the Yalu River.

PAUL
Bug-out?

MANION
Retreat.

PAUL
How old is your wife?

MANION
About my age.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
Is this your first marriage?

MANION
No.

PAUL
You're not on the witness stand. You don't have to answer yes or no. Just give me the matrimonial run down.

MANION
Is this necessary?

PAUL
I'll be the judge of that.

MANION
My first wife divorced me -- charged cruelty, eating crackers in bed... the usual stuff. Truth was, she found another guy while I was in Korea. I met Laura four years ago in Georgia. We were married after her divorce.

PAUL
Did you know her husband?

MANION
He was in my outfit down there.

PAUL
You mean you were buddies?

Manion draws on his cigarette and contemptuously looks away.

PAUL
(continues)
I withdraw the question. I'm a little old-fashioned. Were there any children by or from any of the marriages?

MANION
No.

PAUL
Any present prospects?

MANION
Not unless Barney Quill started something.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL
What kind of a gun did you use on Quill?

MANION
War souvenir. Luger. The police have it now.

PAUL
I guess you read the newspapers? The stories about your case?

MANION
Some of them.

PAUL
Are they substantially correct?

MANION
Yes.

PAUL
You didn't see Barney Quill rape or beat your wife?

MANION
No. When she came to the trailer she told me what had happened.

PAUL
How long then before you went to Quill's place and killed him?

MANION
I don't know exactly. Maybe an hour.

PAUL
That long, huh? The newspapers say your wife volunteered to take a lie-detector test. Do you know anything about this?

MANION
Just what she's told me and what I've read.

PAUL
Do you know how the lie-detector test turned out?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (8)

MANION
They didn't tell her.

Sulo opens the door, looks in.

PAUL
Yes, Sulo?

SULO
Polly, we got lunch served for the jail. Would you like to eat with us, Polly?

PAUL
Is your sister still cooking for the jail?

SULO
Oh, shu. She cooks.

PAUL
Give her my compliments, Sulo. I won't be able to take lunch here today, I've a luncheon date downtown.

MANION
Nice going, Mr. Biegler.

SULO
(to Manion)
Come on, bucko.

PAUL
I'll be back after lunch.

MANION
(at the door)
Sorry if I offended you a while ago.

PAUL
No, you're not.

Manion smiles a small cool smile and follows Sulo.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. LAKE FRONT LUNCH STAND - DAY

On the lake front of Iron City Paul and Parnell are at a sidewalk counter, a plate of hard boiled eggs between them, each with a bottle of beer. Here on the lake front are the great iron-ore loading docks with the lake ships anchored alongside. The traffic on the sidewalk consists of workmen and sailors from the ships.

PARNELL
Pass the salt.

Paul slides the salt along the counter to Parnell. Parnell salts his hard boiled egg.

PARNELL
Did you give the Lieutenant the well-known lecture?

PAUL
If you mean did I coach him into a phony story, no.

PARNELL
Maybe you're too pure, Paul. Too pure for the natural impurities of the law. Could be you owe the Lieutenant a chance to find a defense. Could also be you might guide him a little, show him the way and let him decide if he wants to take it. You want some salt?

PAUL
(salting an egg)
Anyway, I'm not the right lawyer for this man. He's insolent and he's hostile.

PARNELL
You don't have to love him, just defend him. What's the matter, don't you need a fee?
(a pause)
You know something, Polly, I think you're a little bit afraid.

PAUL
A little bit afraid of what?

PARNELL
Afraid you might get licked.

Paul sets about shelling another egg. A little time passes.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

PAUL
There's only one thing more devious than a Philadelphia lawyer and that's an Irish lawyer. Pass the salt.

Parnell hands over the salt shaker, smugly sets his teeth into the white meat of the hard boiled egg.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul is waiting as Sulo ushers Manion in and closes the door. Paul has a wrapped package under his arm. Manion glances coldly at Paul, passes him and sits at the Sheriff's desk.

MANION
(in passing)
Hello there.

PAUL
(with a smile)
I usually answer to the name of Paul.

MANION
Are we going to have some more jokes?

PAUL
Not unless you want to be the comic. Oh, here. Here're some cigarettes.

He extends the wrapped package. Manion hesitates a moment, then rather awkwardly accepts the package.

MANION
Thanks.

PAUL
Peace?

MANION
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Lieutenant, there are four ways I can defend murder. Number one: it wasn't murder - it was suicide or accidental. Number two: you didn't do it. Number three: you were legally justified - like self-defense or protection of your home. Number four: the killing was excusable.

MANION
Where do I fit into this rosy picture?

PAUL
I'll tell you where you don't fit. You don't fit in any of the first three.

MANION
Why wouldn't I be legally justified in killing the man who raped my wife?

PAUL
The time element. If you had caught him in the act the shooting might have been justified. But you didn't catch him and you had time to bring in the police. You didn't do that either. You're guilty of murder, premeditated and with vengeance. First degree murder in any court of law.

MANION
Are you telling me to plead guilty?

PAUL
When I advise you to cop out you'll know it.

MANION
Cop out?

PAUL
Plead guilty and ask for mercy.

MANION
If you're not telling me to cop out, what are you telling me to do?

PAUL
I'm not telling you to do anything. I want you to understand the letter of the law.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION
(a pause)
Go on.

PAUL
Go on to what?

MANION
To whatever it is you're getting at.

PAUL
(with a tough
little grin)
You're very bright, Lieutenant.
Now let's see how really bright
you can be.

Manion has been impressed and is now a little frightened. Tiny beads of sweat are on his forehead and his upper lip.

MANION
I'm working at it.

PAUL
Now because your wife was raped
we'll have a favorable climate in
the courtroom. You'll have sympathy
with you -- if all the facts are true.
All you'll need is a legal peg which
will let the jury hang up their sympathy
in your behalf. Do you follow me?

Manion nods.

PAUL
(continues)
What's your <u>legal excuse</u>, Lieutenant
Manion - your legal excuse for killing
Barney Quill?

MANION
Not justification.

PAUL
No, not justification.

MANION
Excuse---just an excuse.

32. CONTINUED: (3)

Manion, hands trembling a little, takes out his ivory holder and a cigarette. He becomes annoyed at his shaking hands, angrily tosses the holder and the cigarette on the Sheriff's desk. He rises, moves away nervously.

MANION
What excuses are there?

PAUL
How should I know? You're the one who plugged Quill.

With his thumb Manion wipes the perspiration from his upper lip. Almost unaware of his physical movement, he balances on the white line on the floor, walking it carefully, as if it were a rail. His jaw is knotted, his mind desperately churning his problem. He goes to the window and stares out, lips moving a little, talking to himself. Paul is leaning against the wall, poker-faced, eyes hooded, watching Manion.

MANION
(whispering)
I must've been mad.

PAUL
What?

MANION
I said I was mad.

PAUL
A bad temper is no excuse.

MANION
I mean -- I mean, I must've been crazy.
(a long pause)
Am I getting warmer?

Paul puts on his hat, goes to the door and opens it.

PAUL
(calling)
Okay, Sulo.

MANION
(turning to Paul)
Paul? Am I getting warmer?

PAUL
(at the door)
I'll tell you that after I've talked to your wife. In the meantime see if you can remember just <u>how</u> crazy you were.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. MAIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

As Paul enters, Maida is banging efficiently on her typewriter, the respectable flowered hat on her head. Paul's office door is closed but MUSIC filters through. Maida, without breaking the typewriter's rhythm, jerks her head toward Paul's office door.

MAIDA
Mrs. Manion's been waiting a long time. She's gone through your albums from Dixieland to Brubeck.

PAUL
What do you think of her?

MAIDA
(thinking a moment)
Soft--easy--the kind men like to abuse -- and do. Did you get some money?

PAUL
(considering what Maida has said about Laura)
What? Oh, no. I haven't decided to take the case yet.
(he starts for his door and stops)
You surprise me sometimes.

MAIDA
(going back to her work)
Why? I've been around.

Paul smiles his appreciation of Maida and enters his office.

34 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Paul enters, closing the door behind him. His record player is working at some lively MUSIC. Laura, wearing her dark glasses and with the little dog cuddled against her side, is stretched out on the old couch.

LAURA
Hi.

PAUL
Hi.

He goes to the record player, shuts it off.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

PAUL
I hope you don't mind, but I think we'd better talk.

Laura sits up on the couch, one leg curled under.

LAURA
You're a funny kind of a lawyer. The music, I mean.

PAUL
Aren't lawyers supposed to like music?

LAURA
Well, not that kind of music.

PAUL
I guess that settles it then -- I'm a funny kind of a lawyer.

He goes to his desk and searches through drawers and cubbyholes for a possible cigarette.

PAUL
(continues; as he searches)
Where's your home, Mrs. Manion? That is, where did you go to school -- live -- when you were growing up?

LAURA
No place in particular. We sort of moved around. My father was a boomer. You know, a construction boomer? Building dams mostly. You can call me Laura.

PAUL
(still searching)
Are your people alive, Laura?

LAURA
No.

PAUL
I have some cigarettes in here somewhere.

LAURA
(opening her purse)
Do you want a cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
No. I was going to offer you one.

LAURA
(putting a cigarette
in her mouth)
Well, you could light it for me.

PAUL
Certainly.

He fumbles in his pockets for a match, can't seem to find one.

LAURA
(extending a
gold lighter)
Here.

He strikes the lighter, lights her cigarette and then examines the golden object.

PAUL
It's exactly like your husband's.

LAURA
(taking the lighter)
Yes, he gave me this one because I liked the one he had. He's like that. He gives me presents all the time.

PAUL
You have a happy marriage ?

LAURA
(a little beat -
a little diversion
with her purse)
Yes.

PAUL
What went wrong with your first marriage?

LAURA
Well, what went wrong is when I went for Manny.

PAUL
That's honest enough.

LAURA
But it was more than just that.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA (cont'd)
Like I told you, I grew up on the move and Jack -- that was my first husband -- Jack didn't like to move. He wouldn't even take a transfer when he had the chance. I was really bored. Manny likes to go. We're always going, whenever we get a chance. We've been all over. I'm thirsty.

PAUL
Water, or would a beer do?

LAURA
I think a beer would do fine.

Paul goes into the kitchen, opens the icebox, returns with a bottle of beer and a glass. She sits cross-legged -- Indian fashion -- on the couch.

LAURA
(continuing)
Aren't you having one?

PAUL
No, not now.

LAURA
Could Muff have a little? In that ashtray maybe. He loves beer.

Paul looks askance but pours some beer into an ashtray, puts it on the floor. The dog leaps down and hungrily laps up the beer.

LAURA
(continues; watching the dog)
He's sweet, isn't he? He'll go to sleep now.

Paul studies Laura as she watches the dog, wondering if she is truly ingenuous. He hands her a glass of beer. Laura sips the beer. With her full, soft lips against the rim of the glass, she smiles at Paul.

LAURA
(continuing)
You married?

PAUL
No.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA
That's nice. What do you do with this big house if you aren't married?

PAUL
It's the family home. I'm the last of the family.

LAURA
I bet it has lots of bedrooms.

PAUL
A few. How about it? Are you ready?

She rolls beer glass against her cheek - lips lifted in that disconcerting smile.

PAUL
(continues)
I mean are you ready to tell me the story?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA
I know what you mean.

PAUL
Suppose you tell me everything you told the State Police -- plus everything you didn't tell the State Police.

There is a moment's wait. Laura's smile goes away but then returns.

LAURA
Where shall I begin?

PAUL
What time did you go to Quill's bar?

LAURA
Right after dinner -- about eight-thirty, I guess. Manny was late getting home from the firing range. We had dinner, then he lay down and went to sleep. I hadn't been out of the trailer almost all day, so I took Muff and a flashlight and walked over to the bar. I bought a drink and played the pinball machine.

PAUL
Many people in the bar?

LAURA
Not many. Barney came over and challenged me to a game. For drinks. You know.

PAUL
How well did you know Barney?

LAURA
Well, he owned this bar where Manny and I went sometimes. That's all.

PAUL
Had he ever made a pass at you?

LAURA
No, nothing like that at all.

PAUL
Was he drinking heavily that night?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

LAURA
He didn't seem to be, at least not while we were playing pinball.

PAUL
Were you with him all the time you were there?

LAURA
No, there were other people playing too.

PAUL
What time did you leave the bar?

LAURA
About eleven. I left by the side door and Muff was carrying the flashlight. He carries the flashlight in his mouth. He's so cute, running along ahead with the light shining.

PAUL
(glancing at the now sleeping dog)
Was he sober?

LAURA
Muff? Of course he was sober. Oh, you're joking, aren't you?

PAUL
(flatly)
Yes I'm joking. Go ahead.

LAURA
Barney came from somewhere, not from the door I left by, and said he was going my way and he could drive me home. He said the bears had been prowling around that night and I oughtn't to walk home. Bears come out of the woods sometimes to scavenge.

PAUL
Harmless enough, aren't they?

LAURA
Yes. I guess I wouldn't have been afraid in the daylight, but... you know, the dark isn't the same.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
I know. So you got in Barney's car.

LAURA
I got in and he drove straight to the trailer park.

PAUL
He made overtures?

LAURA
No, nothing. When we got to the trailer park the auto gate was closed. Mr. Lemon always locks the gate around eleven or a little after. I thanked Barney and started to get out of the car, but he said there wasn't any need for me to walk, that he could drive me into the park on another road. I didn't know there was another road, but he drove on even before I could say yes or no.

PAUL
Were you alarmed?

LAURA
No. I'm not usually afraid of men. And anyway, he hadn't touched me or even said anything out of the way.

PAUL
Don't women sort of instinctively know when a man's on the make?

LAURA
Yes, but that's only usual with me - with men, I mean - almost all men. Ever since I was a kid. You, for instance. You're interested. But there isn't any reason to be afraid of you and it was like that with Barney.

PAUL
Mrs. Manion, believe me, I'm not in the least...

LAURA
Call me Laura.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL
Laura, I'm only interested in helping your husband -- nothing else.

LAURA
Oh, I don't mean you'd try anything. I just mean, it's the way you look at me.

PAUL
It would be pretty difficult not to look at you.

LAURA
Oh, you mean the way I dress? You don't like it?

PAUL
I love it, honey, dearly love it. Now let's keep moving. How were you dressed that night?

LAURA
A sweater, like this, and a skirt.

PAUL
And the rest?

LAURA
Underneath? I had on a slip, panties and a bra.

PAUL
No girdle?

LAURA
No, I don't need a girdle. Do you think I need a girdle?

PAUL
I'm not your couturier, Laura. I'm concerned with facts which might be of use to me -- or to the prosecuting attorney.

LAURA
Well, I don't wear one.

PAUL
(gently, exasperated)
Please go on with what happened.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (8)

LAURA
Well, he turned off the highway into a lane in the woods and stopped the car and turned off the lights. He grabbed me and said, "I'm going to rape you." Just like that.

PAUL
He used those words?

LAURA
Exactly those words. Muff began to bark and he threw him out the window. I could hear Muff whining outside the car -- all through it. Barney began to try to get at me, and I fought him as best I could. He was terribly strong.

PAUL
Did you cry out? Did you scream?

LAURA
It didn't seem any use there in the woods. He began to shout names at me - like, 'army slut' and some other names - and then he drew back and hit me with his fist. He hit me again and I didn't fight any more. I think I was only half conscious, but I know that he tore my panties off - and did what he wanted.

PAUL
The newspaper said a doctor examined you and didn't think you'd been raped.

LAURA
I don't care what the doctor thought - a woman doesn't mistake these things.

PAUL
All right. Go ahead.

LAURA
(telling it calmly)
I don't know exactly what happened then. I must've fainted, because the next thing I remember the car was moving. Barney was driving very fast, and he was breathing hard, almost gasping. An ugly, awful sound.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (9)

LAURA (cont'd)
We were on the main road to the trailer park and he swung in by the gate and stopped. I opened the door and Muff jumped out first, with the lighted flashlight in his mouth.

PAUL
Wait a minute. I thought you said he had thrown Muff out of the car in the woods.

LAURA
He did. But Muff was in the car when we got to the gate. He must have let Muff back in. I don't remember.

PAUL
Go on. You opened the door and Muff jumped out first.

LAURA
Before I could get out Barney grabbed me and said he was going to tear all my clothes off and attack me again. I got away and ran. I could see Muff at an opening in the fence. He was scooting back and forth with the flashlight. Barney caught me from behind and I fell to the ground. He fell on top of me and started to beat me again with his fists. I thought he was going to kill me. I screamed and somehow I got on my feet again and ran toward the fence. I went through the opening in the fence and followed Muff who was running along ahead with the flashlight. I kept following the light and he led me to our trailer.

PAUL
You didn't see Barney again?

LAURA
I never laid eyes on him again -- dead or alive.

PAUL
I guess that's enough for now, Laura.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (10)

LAURA
I've got lots of time -- all you want.

PAUL
Where can I reach you?

LAURA
I'm still in Thunder Bay but I'll drive down again in the morning.

PAUL
Fine.

He goes to the door to open it. Laura picks up Muff but remains on the couch stroking the dog.

PAUL
(continues)
Was there something else?

LAURA
(after a moment)
No.

She comes reluctantly to the door as Paul opens it.

PAUL
Tomorrow.

Laura goes into Maida's office. Paul, from his office, watches her with circumspection.

LAURA
(stops at Maida's desk)
Thanks for letting me play the records.

MAIDA
You're very welcome.

LAURA
Thanks a lot. 'Bye.

She goes on into the hallway as Parnell is entering. He lets her pass, looks after her and comes into Maida's office. Paul has gone to his closet, gets out his fishing hat, selects some lures, pins them on the hat.

PARNELL
(to Maida)
Who was that?

MAIDA
The lady in the case.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (11)

Parnell whistles his surprise, comes into Paul's office and in dismay watches Paul gathering the fishing gear. Maida, at her desk, listens to their conversation.

PARNELL
I guess you're not going to take the case, huh?

PAUL
I don't know. Depends on what Manion has to tell me tomorrow. He's thinking things out.

PARNELL
(pleased)
Oh -- well --

PAUL
If I take it I want you in it.

PARNELL
Me? -- in a big murder case? Why, boy, the sight of this whiskey drinking old man at the counsel table would ruin you.

PAUL
I need you.

PARNELL
You mean that?

MAIDA
Why else would he say it?

PARNELL
Be glad to work with you outside the courtroom, but not in the courtroom, Polly.

PAUL
Suit yourself about that. But either way, I'll have to be able to depend on you. Will you lay off the booze?

PARNELL
(crestfallen)
Oh. I don't know about that, Polly. -- I don't know.

MAIDA
Why don't you know?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (12)

PARNELL
Do you think I could -- lay off the booze?

MAIDA
Ever tried it?

Parnell's silence is in the negative.

MAIDA
(continues)
Try it.

PARNELL
(a long pause)
I've never been in a big murder case -- not once in all my life.

PAUL
Up to you, Parn.

Paul, with his fishing gear passes Parnell, goes into the outer office, turns back.

PAUL
(continues)
Be around tonight?

PARNELL
(preoccupied with the idea of a big murder case)
Yeah -- yeah, I'll be around.

Paul exits. Parnell goes into Maida's office, slowly sits in a chair.

PARNELL
(continues)
You know, Maida darling, I might manage it. I might manage to be a real lawyer again -- for a little while anyway.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

35 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manion, brows knitted, is working at his defense. Paul, smoking an Italian cigar, quietly listens.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MANION
... I blacked out. I mean, after we talked yesterday, I went back over the whole thing in my mind. You see, I hadn't done that before -- I was trying to forget about it. But when I tried remembering it, there were some pieces missing. I remember going to the bar with a gun, I remember Quill's face behind the bar -- but I don't seem to remember anything else, not even going home.

PAUL
Don't you remember firing your gun? Five shots are a lot of noise to forget.

MANION
I remember hearing shots but they didn't seem to be connected with me -- like they were far away, like somebody else was doing the shooting.

Manion mops his face with a handkerchief, nervously fits a cigarette into his holder. Paul waits for a moment or two.

PAUL
Lieutenant Manion, I'll take your case.

MANION
(in great relief)
Thanks. Thanks, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Now there's the matter of a fee. Three thousand. That's reasonable enough, isn't it?

MANION
Sure -- sure, more than reasonable.

PAUL
When can you pay?

MANION
It'll have to be later. Right now I'm broke.

PAUL
You're what?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION
Broke -- busted -- flat. I haven't got three bucks, much less three thousand.

PAUL
Well, can you raise it?

MANION
No. Not until I get out of jail, but payday is next week. I can give you a hundred fifty on account. If you get me off I'll give you a promissory note for the rest.

PAUL
Suppose you're convicted?

MANION
That's a calculated risk, isn't it? -- for both of us.

PAUL
Suppose I don't go along with you unless you pay me half of the fee?

MANION
(an amused glint)
I'd have to take a lawyer the Court would appoint. I've got my defense now, haven't I? -- Insanity?

PAUL
You know, I think I'll just stay with you, to make damned sure you get off.

MANION
You won't lose anything by it.

PAUL
All right. It's a deal. I'll take the one-fifty and a promissory note when and if you're cleared.

MANION
Thanks. Where do we start? You'll have to tell me. Remember, I've been kind of nuts and I'm just recovering my wits.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2A)

PAUL
Your wits will do nicely, Lieutenant. We're going to need a psychiatrist and since neither of us has much money, do you think the army would stir one up for you?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

MANION
I know a colonel in the Pentagon. I'll write a letter.

PAUL
You do that. Okay, I'll get back to you.

Paul goes to the door.

MANION
What will you do now?

PAUL
See your wife again, for one thing.

MANION
(an odd pause)
Why? Didn't you see her yesterday?

The curious change in Manion's attitude registers with Paul.

PAUL
That's right, I did. She's a pretty woman - your wife.

MANION
(trying to be casual)
A man gets used to the way his wife looks.

PAUL
Yeah, I guess he does.
(opens the door)
Okay, Sulo.
(to Manion)
See you.

Paul exits. Manion stands very still, his face drawn into its cold mask.

36 EXT. JAIL - DAY

Paul comes from the jail, pauses, thinking it over, puzzling with the disturbing scene he's had with Manion. He moves on through the alleyway between the jail and courthouse, enters the rear door of the courthouse.

37 INT. CORRIDOR - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paul appears around the corner of the marble alleyway, comes along to a door which is labeled, OFFICE OF PROSECUTING ATTORNEY -- enters the office.

38 INT. MITCH LODWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

A couple of secretaries are at work at their typewriters. The door to Mitch's private office is open and MITCH is at his desk. As Paul enters the outer office, Mitch spies him.

MITCH
(booming)
Come on in, Polly! Come on in!

Paul pushes through the office gate and goes into Mitch's private office. The office is quite handsomely decorated with prints of modern artists, new, modernistic furniture and vertical venetian blinds.

MITCH
(continues)
You haven't been in here since you vacated, have you Polly? Don't recognize the old place, huh? My wife did it for me -- she's a graduate decorator. Smart girl, very smart girl. Look at this, real genuine Van Gogh prints -- and here, here, try this chair. It sort of does things.

He pushes Paul into a large contour chair. The moment Paul sits the back drops down, the footrest leaps up and the chair begins to massage. Paul endures the operation with slightly alarmed patience, lying helplessly, shaking uncomfortably.

MITCH
(continues)
Great, isn't it? Good for the nerves they say.

PAUL
(jiggling)
How do you shut it off?

Mitch presses a button. The chair stops wiggling, snaps Paul into an upright position; the footrest drops and his feet hit the floor.

MITCH
There we are. Feel better?

PAUL
(getting out of the chair)
I feel all shook up. Mitch, I just stopped by to tell you I've got both feet in the Manion case.

MITCH
You're going to cop out, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

PAUL
No.

MITCH
That's a mistake, Polly. It's open and shut.

PAUL
Maybe. We'll see.

MITCH
Judge Maitland is still in the hospital. Maybe you'd like to agree to a continuance until he gets back. If we go with the case now, we'll have to try before some grab-bag judge they'll send in. Me, I'd rather have Maitland.

PAUL
So would I -- but that would also mean my client would have to lie in jail for another two or three months before the trial. Now if you drop the charge down to manslaughter so I can get him out on bail, we'll agree to a continuance.

MITCH
You wouldn't do that if you were D.A. You wouldn't drop a charge from life down to a fifteen year maximum penalty.

PAUL
I might... since a big fat lie-detector test on his wife gave the truth to the rape story. He'll have the jury with him.

MITCH
(into the trap)
How did you know --

He stops suddenly. Paul grins.

MITCH
(continues)
Bit, didn't I? Well, anyway, the result of a lie-detector test isn't admissable evidence -- you can't use it.

PAUL
No, but it carries moral weight.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH
What are you going to use for a defense - old box tops?

PAUL
I'll think of something.
(he turns at the door)
I wouldn't sit in that chair much, Mitch -- it could shake a man's brain loose.

He exits.

39 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paul comes from the courthouse down the steps and is greeted by Laura's dog. Muff comes romping across the lawn to meet him -- Laura not far behind. Laura is dressed in tight Western slacks and boots. Her blouse is Navajo with the laces open, revealing the push of her ample bosom. With open-mouthed attention, the eternal loiterers are following Laura's progress across the lawn. Muff bounds into Paul's arms.

LAURA
(arriving)
He remembers you, Paul -- he likes you.

PAUL
He likes the beer in my icebox.
(conscious again of the attention they're getting)
What's the occasion today -- a buffalo hunt?

LAURA
(childishly turning for inspection)
I got them in Arizona when we were stationed there. Aren't they smart -- I think they're very smart.

PAUL
(avoiding)
We can sit in my car -- over here.

Carrying the dog, he leads Laura across the lawn to the parking area by the jail.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

He opens the door for her and goes around to sit under the wheel. On the driver's side of Paul's car is the handle to a spotlight which is just outside the windshield. The spotlight is backed up by a rear-view mirror. As the scene proceeds, Paul casually turns the handle, moving the mirror until it is trained upon the jail. In the mirror, Paul can see Manion's cell window -- and Manion is there watching.

PAUL
Couple of things have occurred to me. The undergarments which Barney tore off -- who has them now? -- the police?

LAURA
You mean my panties?

PAUL
All right, your panties.

LAURA
I haven't seen them since. We gave the torn skirt and sweater to the police and I went with the police up that lane into the woods but we couldn't find anything except my glasses.

PAUL
Your glasses? You don't mean you were wearing glasses all through that.

LAURA
They were in a case in my hand. I use them to read or play pinball -- things like that. I guess I tried to get out of the car and dropped them.

PAUL
You'll be interested to know your lie-detector test came out in your favor.

LAURA
Of course it did. I could've told you it would.

PAUL
You weren't worried about it?

LAURA
(laying her hand on his arm)
No, why should I be?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
Would you like to have something to worry about?

LAURA
Silly.

PAUL
Like your husband watching us from his cell window.

Laura jerks her hand away from his arm as if it had been burned. She almost cowers in the corner. Shaken, she takes off her dark glasses and covers her eyes for a moment with her hand.

PAUL
(continues)
All right. Let's have it.

LAURA
(murmuring)
Did he say something to you?

PAUL
Just enough. Are you afraid of him?

LAURA
(murmuring)
Yes.

PAUL
Is that the reason you volunteered for a lie-detector test -- for him?

LAURA
Yes.

PAUL
I'll tell him how the test turned out.

LAURA
(putting on her dark glasses)
You're very kind, you really are, Paul.

PAUL
Does he have reason to be jealous?

LAURA
Even before we were married he was jealous.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA (cont'd)
I should've known how it would be. But it's funny -- he likes to show me off, likes me to dress the way I dress, but then he's furious if a man pays attention to me. I've tried to leave him, but I can't -- he begs and I give in.

PAUL
If you think I've forgotten my question, I haven't.

LAURA
(regaining her smile)
I have.

PAUL
I'll ask it again. Does he have any reason to be jealous?

LAURA
(she seems to be measuring Paul from behind the dark glasses)
No. Not once -- not ever.

The SHOT GOES OUT on Paul's probing, calculating gaze.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

40 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Paul's dusty car speeds along the lovely, wild lake shore.

41 INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

Maida is in the back seat. Paul is driving, with Parnell slumped beside him. Parnell is pale and perspiring, touching his brow now and then with a handkerchief which he holds wadded in his palm. In his other hand he holds a half empty bottle of red soda pop.

PAUL
The one thing that can bust this case open is Manion's jealousy.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

PARNELL
Let's thank our little apples we have Lodwick on the other side. He'll never tumble to it.

PAUL
Maybe.
(glances at Parnell)
I shouldn't have asked you to lay off the booze.

PARNELL
I'll do it if it kills me.

PAUL
You look like it might.

Parnell takes a swig of the soda, makes a face.

PAUL
(continues)
At least let me get you a beer instead of that strawberry pop.

PARNELL
Strawberry pop reminds me of a better day in my life. Strawberry pop in a bucket of ice with a picnic basket by the lake and my pretty Nora still alive. No, no beer. I'll stick with this.

MAIDA
Will someone tell me why I was commandeered for this junket to Thunder Bay?

PAUL
You're going to get a manicure in the beauty parlor and gather all the gossip you can about the deceased Barney Quill.

MAIDA
Why?

PAUL
We've got to sell the jury on Mrs. Manion's rape story. A lot of it will depend on what kind of man Quill was. That's what we're going to find out, if we can.

They drive on.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. STREET IN THUNDER BAY - DAY

A winding, rambling street on the lake shore -- busy now, but in the winter most of it will be shuttered. Thunder Bay is that kind of place. MUSIC blares from the bingo parlor -- a sporting store with its fishing tackle on the sidewalk engages the rapt attention of vacationing fishermen -- testing rods, tinkering with reels. Children in bathing suits run across the street without regard for traffic -- the traffic pokes along -- plump matrons in shorts at the hot dog stands -- an occasional slim, blossoming girl in a bathing suit -- men in white ducks and sun visors -- soldiers off duty. Most of the movement is to and from the lake where rowboats drift about in the sun, fishermen cast from the piers and swimmers dive from the floats. Paul's car comes slowly on the street, draws up to the curb by a sign which advertises -- BRIGITTE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE. The car door opens and Maida steps to the sidewalk.

PAUL
Meet me for lunch at Barney's inn... down at the end of the street.

MAIDA
Right.

She closes the rear door, moves away toward the beauty shop and enters. The front car door opens and Parnell bumbles out.

PAUL
Where are you going?

PARNELL
I'm going to tool around the taverns in search of truth.

PAUL
Maybe you'd better stay with me.

PARNELL
Trust me, lad - trust me. I'll arrive at the inn loaded with nothing more than strawberry pop.

He closes the car door, adjusts his hat at a rakish angle and strolls down the street. Paul drives away.

43 EXT. THUNDER BAY INN - DAY

A large, three-story frame structure with a fresh coat of white paint, screened-in verandas, its lawn shaded by elderly trees. It is a well-kept relic from the turn of the century when Thunder Bay was a more graceful resort. Outside the hotel are parked numerous cars and tourists come and go from the main entrance.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

An unlighted neon-sign identifies "THE THUNDER BAY INN" and in smaller script advertises, "Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner," and in block letters, "Cocktails." The bar room has a separate entrance and is labeled by an unlighted neon-sign as the "BAR." Its door is closed and the windows shuttered with venetian blinds. Paul drives up and finds a parking space near the entrance to the bar. He gets out of the car and scans the front of the hotel before going to the door of the bar room. On the closed door a sign reads, "OPEN 5 p. m." Paul pushes the door, finds it unlocked, enters.

44 INT. THE INN - BAR - DAY

Like all bars concerned with evening business, the afternoon atmosphere is cool, pleasant and restful. It is darkened, except for back-bar lights and sunlight filtering from around the closed venetian blinds. It is at the moment completely deserted. A bartender has been at work, preparing the bar for its evening business. A collection of empty bottles are on one end of the bar, the glassware is covered by white cloths and a can of bar polish is on the bar with a polishing rag. At one end of the bar are a couple of pinball machines -- near the door. Chairs are stacked on the tables and in the booths. Behind the bar one section of the bar mirror is devoted to a display of gold and silver loving cups and a collection of enlarged snapshots, mainly showing a broad-chested, curly haired man of about fifty. Some of the pictures include other people, but always the curly haired man is prominent -- holding a prize angling catch -- with a rifle in his hand and a dead buck on the fender of his car -- with a target pistol raised and posed -- and several other pictures of the same man, probably made when he was in his twenties, wearing boxing gloves and in fighting pose. One of the most recent snapshots presents the man stripped to the waist, posed with a double-bitted axe above a neatly severed log. Beyond the bar a short flight of steps leads up to a closed door above which a sign reads: "TO LOBBY."

Paul, upon entering the room from the outside, pauses until his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, glances about, flips the plunger on one of the pinball machines, moves on to the bar. His attention is attracted by the display of photographs and loving cups. He moves around behind the bar, picks up a gold cup, reads its inscription, replaces it, examines another. His attention goes to the snapshots and he puts on his glasses for a finer study of the pictures. From his POV the CAMERA CLOSES IN and MOVES from picture to picture. Now in turning to come from behind the bar, he notices a narrow shelf built up under one end of the bar. He stoops, looks into the shelf, finds it empty. Puzzling with the contraption he tentatively slips his hand into the narrow space and suddenly withdraws the hand, finger and thumb cocked to represent a pistol. He looks down the length of the bar and sees two more shelves of like character, one in the center by the space reserved for waiter's service and the other at the far end.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

He starts to move along back of the bar toward these other shelves, but the lobby door opens. There in the doorway is a small, dark, hard-faced man with black, inscrutable eyes. This is PAQUETTE.

PAQUETTE
All right? -- You like it back there all right?

PAUL
I was looking at these pictures. This was Barney Quill, wasn't it?

PAQUETTE
That's right -- Barney Quill.

PAUL
My name's Paul Biegler, I'm --

PAQUETTE
I know who you are. I've seen you around Iron City.

PAUL
You didn't tell me your name, did you?

PAQUETTE
Paquette.

Paquette takes up the polish and the rag, goes to work on the bar surface. Paul moves around and sits on a stool.

PAQUETTE
(continues)
We don't open until five o'clock.

PAUL
I can wait. I haven't got the shakes yet. You were on the job that night, weren't you -- the night Barney was killed?

PAQUETTE
Like the newspaper said, I was present.

PAUL
You're the one who stopped Lieutenant Manion outside, aren't you?

PAQUETTE
That's right. He pointed the gun at me and said, 'You want some too, Buster?'

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
And you said 'no' because your name isn't Buster.

PAQUETTE
There wasn't anything funny about it, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Sorry. I'm afflicted with a sense of humor. Where were you when Barney was killed, Mr. Paquette?

Paquette doesn't answer, industriously works at his polishing job.

PAUL
(continues)
I've a feeling you don't want to talk about that night, Mr. Paquette.

PAQUETTE
Isn't that funny? I have the same feeling.

PAUL
You'll have to talk to me in Court. Why not now?

PAQUETTE
Because I don't have to now. Reason enough. Okay?

PAUL
(looking at the photographs)
Barney was kind of a rough character, wasn't he? -- ex-prize fighter, muscle man, fancy with guns.

PAQUETTE
He paid his debts -- he ran a clean place. Me, I liked him.

PAUL
Are you running the place now?

PAQUETTE
I just work here. Mary's running things.

PAUL
Barney's wife?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

PAQUETTE
He didn't have a wife. Mary was -- his manager.

PAUL
I see. I wonder who'll inherit the place.

PAQUETTE
Mary, I guess.

PAUL
Mary again, huh?

PAQUETTE
What's the matter with that?

PAUL
You mean, what's the matter with Mary? I don't know what's the matter with Mary. Mary what?

PAQUETTE
Pilant -- Mary Pilant.

45 INT. BRIGITTE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE - DAY

The usual beauty shop scene. Women under the driers -- getting their hair combed -- their faces done. In the f. g. a MANICURIST bends forward to confide in her customer.

MANICURIST
(indicating a closed booth toward the back of the shop)
She's in there -- getting dressed. It's not for me to say what she is. But all I know is...

The curtains over the booth are swept back and a dark-haired, very lovely girl comes out. She is dressed in a simple summer dress. She's in her twenties -- a fresh, pleasant face, slender, handsome figure. There is strength and pride in her clear eyes. She comes toward the front of the shop, passing the manicurist stand and from another angle we see that Maida is the manicurist's customer. When MARY has passed by:

MANICURIST
(continues)
That's her -- that's Mary Pilant. We don't talk about our customers here but if we did, which we don't...

And you are sure Maida is about to get all the dirt.

46 EXT. A THUNDER BAY BEER GARDEN - DAY

A small beer garden on the lake front. The place is crowded with soldiers, most of them in fatigues. The soldiers serve themselves, carrying the beer from inside the tavern. An awning is spread over the area. The CAMERA MOVES IN on one of these outdoor tables where Parnell is sitting with a group of soldiers, a bottle of soda pop in his hand. A lean, tough SERGEANT is talking:

SERGEANT
...it's all right see, for him to take a Army wife and beat her up -- but just let one of our guys make a little pass at that babe he's got at the hotel and he tells the guy to get out and stay out. Quill got what was coming to him. That's the way we feel about it.

PARNELL
Do you know Lieutenant Manion's wife?

SERGEANT
Sure. Know the Lieutenant, too. He's a good officer. She's all right, too -- friendly -- a good kid.

A CORPORAL at the table makes a nasty little chuckle.

SERGEANT
(continues; quick and hard)
What do you know about it? Knock it off.

CORPORAL
I didn't mean anything. She's a dish. What's the matter with that?

SERGEANT
You want this lawyer to get wrong ideas? What chances has the Lieutenant got, Mr. McCarthy?

PARNELL
Pretty good, I'd say - with a couple of character witnesses like you.

SERGEANT
I'd like to help him - I sure would but we're moving out - Berlin.

PARNELL
Oh. Tell me - who's this 'babe' at the hotel?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

SERGEANT
Name's Mary Pilant. She was Quill's private property.

47 INT. THUNDER BAY INN - LOBBY - DAY

An atmosphere of uncontrived hominess, unpretentious, clearly attractive to the small income vacationer seeking a home away from home. The lobby is thriving and a group of guests are gathered by the closed door to the dining room, waiting for the lunch hour to arrive. Paul is among them. The double dining room doors are swung open by a waitress and guests file into the dining room -- a spacious, cool place which includes part of the screened veranda and overlooks the lake. Paul hesitates in the doorway.

48 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Mary Pilant, acting as hostess, seats a group of tourists, goes to Paul, approaching him from the side. He does not see her until she speaks.

MARY
Would you like a table, sir?

PAUL
Yes please...
(he is struck by the lovely face)
... Yes, I would.

MARY
Will you be alone?

PAUL
I'll be joined by two others.

She leads the way across the room to the veranda, Paul following and in his retiring way obviously attracted to this girl. At the table on the veranda she draws a chair back for Paul.

PAUL
(continues; sitting, fumbling with his hat)
Thanks.

MARY
May I take your hat?

PAUL
Well, yes, if you will --

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

Mary takes the hat and offers the menu, smiles and leaves. His eyes follow her as she goes to the hat rack and deposits his hat. She turns back, smiles, gestures to where she has placed the hat. Paul nods his thanks. A waitress comes from through the swinging door of the kitchen, speaks to Mary and nods toward the kitchen. She goes through the swinging door and the CAMERA MOVES IN on the door. Moments pass. The swinging door is pushed open, just a crack, and Mary's face is half seen looking out into the dining room toward Paul. Behind Mary is Paquette, nodding and whispering, seeming to say, "That's him." Mary lets the door close over her face. Maida enters, spies Paul, wends her way through the tables to the veranda. Paul rises, pulls a chair back for Maida.

PAUL
How was the manicure?

MAIDA
Ask me any question about anybody. I've got all the dope.

PAUL
Can you tell me about a woman named Mary Pilant?

MAIDA
Easy. Mary Pilant may or may not have been the mistress of the late B. Quill. The manicurists are in favor of the mistress theory and the hair stylists are agin it. But all agree some kind of hanky-panky was going on here.
(she sees Mary approaching the table)
To be continued.

MARY
(extending a menu)
A menu?

MAIDA
Thank you.

Mary moves on. Maida, glancing after her, turns back to Paul, sees that he too, is watching after Mary.

MAIDA
(continues)
Pretty, huh?

PAUL
Very pretty. Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

MAIDA
There is one story which says that Barney's wild night with Mrs. Manion was somehow triggered by Mary Pilant -- seems she had been stepping out with a soldier and Barney blew his stack, got tanked up and exploded.

PAUL
Who is this Pilant -- local?

MAIDA
No, a Canadian. Barney brought her in to dress up this place and she stayed to manage for him. I'd say she's done all right.

PAUL
Better than all right -- she's in for the estate.

MAIDA
She doesn't look like a bad sort, does she? Looks sweet.

PAUL
(glancing about)
Where?

MAIDA
What do you mean where? The pretty one with the menus.

Paul stares at Maida almost shocked. Astonished, he looks toward the door where Mary is standing. Mary is watching his table. Their eyes meet and she turns away to greet Parnell who has at this moment arrived at the dining room entrance. Parnell gestures toward Paul's table and Mary leads the way to the table.

PAUL
(rising)
Miss Pilant, may I introduce myself. I'm Paul Biegler, attorney for Lieutenant Manion. This is Mrs. Rutledge, and Mr. McCarthy, my associates.
(a general acknowledgment)
Could you sit with us for a minute?

MARY
(glancing at the empty dining room door)
Yes, I can take a minute.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

Parnell draws a chair out for Mary and then seats himself.

PAUL
I'd like to ask a few things, if you don't mind?

MARY
What sort of things, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
Like what kind of a man your employer was -- Mr. Quill.

MARY
A very nice man.

PAUL
If that's true, how do you explain what happened with Lieutenant Manion's wife?

MARY
I don't know what happened with Lieutenant Manion's wife, so there really isn't anything for me to explain, is there?

Guests appear in the dining room doorway and Mary rises.

MARY
(continues)
Would you pardon me? The waitress will take your order when you're ready. So nice to have met you -- Mr. Biegler -- Mr. McCarthy--Mrs. Rutledge.

She moves away.

PAUL
(looking after Mary)
Parn, what did you get on Quill?

PARNELL
Nothing we could turn into evidence. Nothing that would make anybody believe he was a rapist.

A WAITRESS comes to the table, says "Orders please," and the three companions consult their menus.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 INT. THUNDER BAY INN - LOBBY - DAY

Paul, followed by Maida and Parnell, enters from the dining room. Paul goes to the hotel desk where a CLERK -- a plain, harassed man -- is working at an adding machine.

PAUL
I beg your pardon.

CLERK
Yessir?

PAUL
I'm Paul Biegler, attorney at law. I represent the soldier who shot Mr. Quill. I was just wondering -- did you happen to be on duty that night?

CLERK
Why yes sir, as a matter of fact I was...

The Clerk's attention is drawn away from Paul to Mary Pilant who is standing in the dining room door. She gives a minute negative shake of her head. Paul turns to follow the Clerk's gaze -- then turns back to the Clerk.

CLERK
Sorry, I like my job, Mr. Biegler.

Paul nods, understanding that Mary has silenced the Clerk. He goes toward the main exit, pauses as he comes abreast of Mary, Parnell and Maida beside him.

PAUL
Your loyalty to the dead Mr. Quill is very touching, Miss Pilant.

MARY
Barney was well liked here, by everyone, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Very generous of everyone to overlook his little faults -- like raping other men's wives.

Mary colors -- tears spring instantly into her eyes. Abruptly she walks away.

PARNELL
If she could have helped you've sure fixed that wagon now.

PAUL
It was already fixed. What I don't understand is why. Why don't they want to part with some simple, honest information about Barney Quill and his character?

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. MANION'S JAIL CELL - DAY

Manion is playing a game of casino through the bars with DUANE MILLER. A small narrow table is drawn against the bars on Miller's side. Miller is a ravaged, hungry-looking prisoner with shifty eyes and a slack mouth.

MANION
(slapping a card down)
Build sevens.

MILLER
(takes the sevens)
Thanks, mate.

MANION
(slaps another card down)
Build Kings.

MILLER
(takes the Kings)
Thanks, mate.

MANION
(throws in his cards)
Take 'em all.

He flings away from the game, goes to a window, his back to Miller, nervously lights a cigarette. With a lop-sided grin, Miller watches Manion. From below the SOUND of the steel door opening and closing -- steps on the iron stairs, and Paul appears on the landing -- goes to the bars of Manion's cell.

PAUL
Any word, Lieutenant?

Manion turns to Paul, takes out a letter, passes it through the bars.

MANION
This -- from Washington. They'll let a doctor come to testify, but there's a string on it.

Paul opens the letter, reads it, his face growing impatient.

PAUL
I can't get you to the Army Hospital in Detroit for the examination. Doesn't the Army understand you're in jail on a non-bailable offense?

MANION
(indicating the letter)
That's it -- as far as the Army's concerned.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

PAUL
(putting the letter in his pocket)
I don't know how I can get around this hump but I'll try to do something.

MANION
My wife hasn't been here for two days. Have you seen her?

PAUL
Not for a while.

MANION
Where the hell is she?

PAUL
You've got other things to worry about, Lieutenant. I'll get in touch with her -- tell her you miss her.

MANION
(flatly)
Yeah -- you tell her that.

Manion glumly watches Paul go down the stairs. Then, in anger, hurls his lighted cigarette against the far wall of the cell -- falls disconsolately on his bunk. Miller, from his cell, has watched the scene between Paul and Manion. Now he comes close to the bars.

MILLER
Know how you feel, Lieutenant. I'd be pawing the ground too if I had something like that outside.

MANION
Like what outside?

MILLER
Oh, man, you know what I mean -- something like that walking around on the loose.

In a finely coordinated movement, Manion rises, reaches through the bars, catches Miller's hair, jerks Miller down and against the bars. Miller YELLS in pain, wrenches away, falling back across his cot. Fast steps on the iron stairs and Sulo appears from below.

SULO
Now, what's the big noise, buckos?

MILLER
Me, dummy. I hit my shin on this lousy iron cot.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

SULO
You want some rubbing alcohol maybe?

MILLER
No. But I guess a little bourbon would help.

A general laugh goes up from the inmates, cat calls and Bronx cheers.

SULO
Knock it down, buckos -- knock it down.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. A ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

OPEN on a hand slapping the strings of a bass fiddle -- slapping time to gut-bucket jazz. MOVE from the bass fiddle to a drummer, eyes closed, lips moving, beating it out on his traps. MOVE on to the keyboard of a piano where two pairs of hands are playing a duet. PULL BACK and find Paul happily sitting beside the Negro piano man, both enjoying the music they are making. Paul is a little amateurish with his treble end, missing a trick now and then but catching up with a grin. A drink stands above him on the piano top. The CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER to reveal the small smoky roadhouse in its entirety. Booths and dance floor are crowded with young people and a few who are not so young. Now RETURN to the Combo and watch them kick it around -- Paul in the midst of it, satisfying himself by being a part of the noise which is called jazz.

LAURA'S VOICE
Hey, what a crazy lawyer we've got.

Paul looks up from the keyboard and from his POV we see Laura, dressed as usual in tight-fitting pants and sweater, about half tight, dancing with a Second Lieutenant.

LAURA
Hi, Polly -- That's what they call you, isn't it, Polly? That's a crazy name for a crazy lawyer.

In CLOSE UP Paul is not smiling, his face suddenly tight and grim, eyes following Laura as she dances away. From ANOTHER ANGLE across Paul, she moves away with the Lieutenant -- another soldier cuts in -- this one is a rock dancer and he and Laura execute some of the more intricate steps of the sensuous dance. The number ends with a CRASH OF CYMBALS from the drummer. Paul, watching Laura, takes his drink from the piano and rises. The Combo begins a new number.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Thanks for letting me sit in, Pie-Eye.

PIE-EYE
You quittin' me, man?

PAUL
(moving away)
See you.

Paul crosses the dance floor to the booth where Laura is sitting down with three soldiers, two of them Lieutenants, one of them a Sergeant.

LAURA
Hi, Polly. Fellows, this is Manny's lawyer.

There is a general acknowledgment.

A LIEUTENANT
Sit down, won't you?

PAUL
Sorry, I can't right now. Could I speak to you for a moment Mrs. Manion -- outside?

LAURA
Mrs. Manion? I thought we'd dropped the formalities a long time ago.

PAUL
I think we'll pick them up again. This is important.

LAURA
Okay. I'll go with you.

One of the soldiers rises to let her out of the booth.

SERGEANT
Hey, you're coming back, aren't you?

LAURA
Sure -- what do you think?

A little unsteadily she walks across the room to the main exit. Paul places his glass on the table and follows.

52 EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Paul and Laura emerge from the noisy joint, the exterior illuminated with a glaring red and green neon sign reading: PIE-EYE'S.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Laura turns to Paul, smiling, her face caught in the colors of the neon light, eyes a little sleepy, her face soft with the pleasure of alcohol.

PAUL
Didn't you get my phone message?

LAURA
Yes, but I got busy.

PAUL
Why haven't you been to see your husband?

LAURA
I don't see why I have to see him every day.

PAUL
It's a good idea if you did.

LAURA
All right. I'll see him every day. Okay?

PAUL
No, not okay. Where's your car?

LAURA
I came with them.

PAUL
My car's over here.

He takes her arm.

LAURA
Now wait a minute -- I got friends inside.

PAUL
Friends or no friends -- you're going home.

LAURA
Say, who do you think you...

PAUL
I'm a lawyer trying to beat a rap for your husband. Remember?

LAURA
Well, what's that got to do...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
Everything, Mrs. Manion. Until the trial's over you're going to be a meek little housewife in horn-rimmed spectacles -- you're going to stay away from men, juke joints, booze and pinball machines. You're going to wear a skirt, low-heeled shoes, and a girdle -- especially a girdle. I don't as a rule complain about an attractive jiggle, but you can save that jiggle for your husband to look at -- when and if I can get him out of jail.

Laura's eyes grow large and hurt, tears well up and she turns away.

LAURA
I'm sorry. I really am. I wouldn't hurt Manny's chances for anything.

PAUL
Let's go.

Again he takes her arm and leads her through the parked cars to his own machine.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. THUNDER BAY TOURIST PARK - NIGHT

The gate of the darkened park is closed. Paul's car wheels up and stops. He opens Laura's door, she gets out and he behind her.

PAUL
Is this about where Barney knocked you down?

LAURA
Yes, right here. Over there -- that's the opening in the fence where Muff was running around with the flashlight.

They walk to the stile opening in the fence, go through.

PAUL
Where's your trailer?

LAURA
This way -- by the lake.

They set out along the dark path through the trees toward the lake.

54 ANOTHER LOCATION ON LAKE PATH

The lake is silvered by the moon. The night is quiet except for a breeze high in the treetops. Paul and Laura come along the path. She turns out onto a promontory.

LAURA
This is my favorite place. Sometimes when Manny was sleeping I'd come here and just sit. I had to get out of that trailer. I can't stand being cooped up all the time.
(a pause)
I'm lonely, Paul, I'm awful lonely. I wouldn't have gone to that roadhouse except for that -- you know.

PAUL
Maybe you're getting in some good practice being lonely.

LAURA
(a searching pause)
You mean maybe Manny won't get off?

PAUL
Twelve jurors, good and true, will tell us that.

LAURA
If he didn't it would be one way to end it. No, no, I don't mean that. I might think that sometimes, but I don't really want that.

She wearily moves back to the path. Paul follows.

55 EXT. MANIONS' TRAILER - NIGHT

The lights are burning in the trailer. Paul and Laura arrive. Laura opens the door and Muff bounds out of the trailer into Laura's arms.

LAURA
(hugging the dog)
Hello, sweetie -- did you miss me, sweetie? Of course you missed me.

She turns to Paul, that tremulous smile on her lips.

LAURA
(continues)
Paul, would you come in? You can if you want to -- you know.

PAUL
You forgive me if I don't. Goodbye, Laura.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

LAURA
Good night.

He walks away.

LAURA
(continues;
calling softly)
Thanks.

The CAMERA GOES with Paul as he walks away and out of the scene. Laura remains by the open door of the trailer, caught in its light, a small figure very much alone, pathetically alone.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

56 INT. IRON CLIFFS COUNTY COURTROOM - FULL SHOT - COURTROOM - DAY

A large and impressive vaulted room with stained glass windows in its dome -- a room which reflects its great and grave function. Only a few spectators dot the benches. Inside the bar the Jury's seats are empty, the attorneys' benches crowded and the prisoners' bench contains an assortment of men and women to be arraigned. The COURT CLERK is in his place and SHERIFF BATTISFORE is at his desk. The Sheriff is a worried-looking, middle-aged man -- kindly and plodding. Among the lawyers are Paul and Parnell.

Mitch Lodwick is at the prosecuting attorney's table. The door to the Judge's chambers opens, the people of the courtroom rise as JUDGE WEAVER enters, climbs the steps to the austere mahogany bench. He's middle-aged, with a powerful face, sharp eyes which can twinkle or flash impressive authority. The Sheriff raps with his gavel when the Judge is seated.

SHERIFF
Hear Ye, hear Ye, hear Ye. The Circuit Court for the County of Iron Cliffs is now in session. You can be seated.

57 CLOSER SHOT - JUDGE WEAVER ON HIS BENCH

He thumbs the court docket, glances around the room at the prisoners, at the lawyers and, from his POV, the CAMERA PASSES over these men. Among the prisoners is a cheerful looking old codger named MADIGAN.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

Parnell, sitting beside Paul, is dressed in his best -- cleanly shaven, suit pressed, the collar of his white shirt raveled but clean, his hair plastered down. He is ill at ease.

JUDGE WEAVER
(after a careful study of the people before him)
For those of you I haven't met, my name is Weaver. I'm from downstate and I'm sitting temporarily while your good Judge Maitland is recovering from a severe illness. There's no need to dwell at length upon my methods. One judge is much like another. The only differences may be in the state of their digestions or their proclivities for sleeping on the bench. For myself, I can digest pig iron, and while I might appear to doze occasionally, you'll find that I keep one eye open for tricky lawyers.

58 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL AND PARNELL

Paul is pleased with the erudition of the new judge. He and Parnell exchange quick glances and Parnell raises his brows in approval.

59 FULL SHOT - COURTROOM - INSIDE BAR

JUDGE WEAVER
(consulting his docket)
We will take up the call of the criminal docket. People versus Clarence Madigan, breaking and entering in the night.

Mitch Lodwick rises and takes a record of criminal information from the Court Reporter's desk.

MITCH
(reading)
State of Michigan, Court of Iron Cliffs. I, Mitchell Lodwick prosecuting attorney, come into said county of Iron Cliffs and give the Court to understand that one Clarence Madigan, alias 'One-Shot Madigan,' alias 'Smoky Madigan,' did break and enter the dwelling house of Casper Katz and did there commit the felony of larceny on said premises - contrary to the Statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Michigan.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

He passes the information record up to Judge Weaver.

JUDGE WEAVER
Will the prisoner stand?

MADIGAN
(rising, moving toward the bench)
That's me, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Does Mr. Madigan have an attorney?

MADIGAN
Nope. A man's got to have money to ask them fellows the time of day.

There's small laughter from the lawyers' bench.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Madigan, if you're impoverished it's my duty to appoint an attorney in your behalf.

MADIGAN
I wouldn't bother, Your Honor. I stole the whiskey. I'm guilty as hell.

MITCH
It was a full case of expensive bourbon, Your Honor.

MADIGAN
It was sure good stuff, Judge.

JUDGE WEAVER
Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the offense charged against you?

MADIGAN
I'm just as guilty as old scratch, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Did you sell this whiskey?

MADIGAN
No, sir -- drank it.

JUDGE WEAVER
All of it?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

MADIGAN
You bet, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Are you aware that it will be necessary to punish you for this crime?

MADIGAN
It was worth it, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
I'll accept your plea of guilty, Mr. Madigan. You'll be sentenced later. You may now return to your place.

MADIGAN
Thanks, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
You're quite welcome, Mr. Madigan.
(he consults the docket)
People versus Frederick Manion. The charge -- murder.

PAUL
(rising)
Paul Biegler for the defendant. My formal appearance is already on file.

JUDGE WEAVER
Which of these men is your client, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
None of them, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sheriff Battisfore, will you produce the prisoner?

SHERIFF
(uncomfortably)
I'm afraid I can't do that, your honor.

There is a portentous silence in the courtroom. Judge Weaver looks from the unhappy Sheriff to the embarrassed Paul and finally to the scared Mitch.

JUDGE WEAVER
Perhaps someone should explain. I'm not clairvoyant.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3)

Mitch, Paul and the Sheriff all start to speak at the same time and instantly stop.

JUDGE WEAVER
I'll take it from Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
The defendant is in Detroit being examined by a psychiatrist, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sheriff Battisfore, shouldn't the Court have been consulted before the defendant was allowed to leave its jurisdiction?

PAUL
Your Honor, we're dealing with the Army on this matter and this was the only crack the Army would give us at one of their psychiatrists. The Court was not present and it was urgent that we get the defendant to the psychiatrist.

JUDGE WEAVER
What does the Attorney for the People say to this?

MITCH
It was done with my knowledge, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
I've always heard that this Upper Peninsula of our fair state was a queer place. If it's customary here to allow a man charged with first degree murder to wander about at will, I don't suppose it behooves an outsider to point out that the law makes no provision for such quaint liberalism.

PAUL
Your Honor, the defendant is in a deputy's care and will be returned this evening. He's an officer in the United States Army and not likely to try to run away.

JUDGE WEAVER
Well, since I am an outsider and outnumbered, I'll stretch a point for the local team.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE WEAVER (cont'd)
We'll formally arraign the defendant upon his return. For the sake of the docket can you give me a clue to his plea?

PAUL
The defendant will waive reading of the information and stand mute.

JUDGE WEAVER
A plea of not guilty will be entered. The case of Frederick Manion will be placed first on the docket.
(again consulting his docket)
People versus Peter Finnley and Lois Green -- lewd and lascivious co-habitation.

As the defendants, Peter and Lois, a poor shabby pair, shuffle forward to the Judge's bench, the Sheriff mops his face in great relief. Paul sits and Parnell leans to him.

PARNELL
(whispering)
We've got a real judge, Polly -- a real honest-to-God judge.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. IRON CITY RAILROAD STATION - WAITING ROOM -NIGHT

The waiting room is deserted, a telegraph key lonesomely CLICKING in the station master's office. Through the windows we see a train standing before the station. A loaded mail cart is being pulled down the platform, a few trainmen are hustling about their inspections. Manion and a deputy sheriff are stepping off a coach to meet Paul, Parnell and Sheriff Battisfore. There is a handshake between Paul and Manion, a quick huddle with Sheriff Battisfore and all move toward the door of the waiting room. Sheriff Battisfore opens the door, allows Paul, Parnell and Manion to enter.

SHERIFF
Can you hurry it up, Polly? Somebody tells that judge the prisoner was lounging around the railroad station he'll really give me the works.

PAUL
Only take a minute, Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

Sheriff Battisfore closes the door, remains outside with the Deputy.

PAUL
(continues)
How did it turn out, Lieutenant?

MANION
He said I was temporarily insane.

Paul and Parnell exchange pleased glances.

PAUL
You better give us some of the details.

MANION
(sitting on the bench)
He's writing a letter to you, but I made some notes on my own.

He unfolds a piece of notepaper. Paul and Parnell stand above him.

MANION
(continues)
The doctor's name was Smith.

PARNELL
Smith? Anatole Wolfgang Smith or Ludwig von Smith I hope. A name like that will impress the jury.

MANION
No. Just plain Matthew Smith.
(consulting his notes)
He said when I shot Quill I was suffering from...
(he pronounces it carefully)
...'dissociative reaction.'

PAUL
Dissociative reaction. That sounds good -- very good.

PARNELL
What's it mean in plain English?

MANION
(consulting his notes)
It means that I had an irresistible impulse to shoot Quill.

Paul and Parnell stare at Manion in blank shock.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION
(continues; looking from face to face)
That's okay, isn't it?

PAUL
What did he say about your knowing the difference between right and wrong when you shot Quill?

MANION
I don't think he said anything. Is that important?

PAUL
(after a moment)
We better not keep the Sheriff waiting any longer.
(he opens the door)
All right, Sheriff.

Manion, puzzled by the glum reception of his news, leaves with the Sheriff.

PAUL
(continues; closing the door)
Thanks, Sheriff. You'll have my vote in perpetuity.

Manion and Sheriff Battisfore, accompanied by the Deputy, walk past the windows outside -- disappear. Parnell sits on a bench, gloomily studies the floor.

PARNELL
(burps delicately)
Damn strawberry soda.

Paul meanders aimlessly about the waiting room.

PARNELL
(continues)
You ever hear of a Michigan court accepting irresistible impulse as insanity?

PAUL
Maybe we should switch to self-defense.

PARNELL
Even Mitch Lodwick would make a monkey out of us on that.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

Outside the train WHISTLES and begins to move out of the station. Paul sticks a penny in a glass peanut vending machine. It doesn't work. He slaps it once and it works.

PAUL
(above the SOUND of the rolling train, holding out his cupped hand to Parnell)
Want some peanuts?

Parnell shakes his head in the negative. Paul leans against the wall, eating the peanuts until the train is gone.

PARNELL
Tomorrow's Saturday. We've only four days till the trial. When do you want to start working?

PAUL
In the morning -- early.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. CHURCH IN IRON CITY - SUNDAY MORNING

The SOUND of distant church bells over the town as the congregation of this church streams out into the morning sun. Women in bright hats, men in dark Sunday suits, children scrubbed and starched, the minister at the door shaking hands. Among the people coming from the church is Judge Weaver. He shakes hands with the minister, puts on his hat, strides away down the street toward the Courthouse.

62 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

No loiterers here on the lawn this Sabbath morning. The Judge arrives, carrying his weight lightly, hat square on his big head, face at peace. He enters the deserted building.

63 INT. COURTHOUSE - ROTUNDA

In the high, silent rotunda the Judge crosses to the wide marble stairs and goes up.

64 INT. UPSTAIRS' CORRIDOR - COURTHOUSE

The Judge arrives at the landing, turns into the corridor, walks along toward his chambers.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

He passes double swinging doors in which there are small oval windows. Above the doors is a sign -- LAW LIBRARY. As the Judge passes, from inside the library there is the SOUND of a book being snapped shut. The Judge halts and in curiosity retraces his steps, pushes open one of the library's swinging doors.

65 INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

The law library is a tall room with a narrow balcony, providing access to the shelves above. Sunlight falls through high, dusty windows. The Judge has halted just inside the doorway. From his POV the CAMERA SCANS a table littered with brown paper sacks, a half-empty bottle of milk, several paper plates with the remains of sandwiches, an ashtray heaped with Italian cigar butts and maybe a dozen empty and half-empty bottles of strawberry soda pop. The Judge lifts his gaze to the library balcony and from his POV the CAMERA PANS up to the balcony. On one side of the room, Paul is on the balcony ladder, deeply engrossed in a heavy tome. On the other balcony across the room, Parnell is crawling along on his knees, searching for a certain volume. Both men are in their shirtsleeves, both need a shave. Without a flicker of expression, the Judge watches the two lawyers who do not see him, so absorbed are they in their work. Silently the Judge backs out of the room, lets the swinging door close.

66 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - COURTHOUSE

The Judge peers through the small oval window in the closed library door. He smiles a tiny smile and ambles on towards his chambers.

67 INT. LAW LIBRARY

Parnell on the balcony has found his book and is sitting on a stool perusing it. The CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT. His eyebrows begin to lift, his eyes to shine.

PARNELL
Polly...POLLY!

Across the room Paul, excited, is climbing down from his perch on the ladder.

PAUL
(shouting)
Parn, listen to this. Listen...

PARNELL
(shouting)
Never mind that. Just find People versus Durfee, 62 Michigan 487. Year 1886...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

PAUL
That's it. That's what I've got - right here in the A. L. R. !
(reading)
'The right and wrong test, though condemned as being unscientific, is adhered to by most of the states, but' ... PARN, LISTEN TO THIS 'BUT' ... 'but the fact that one accused of committing a crime may have been able to comprehend the nature and consequence of this act and to know that it was wrong, nevertheless' ... '

PARNELL
Ah, that sweet, endearing word 'nevertheless.'

PAUL
'...nevertheless if he was forced to its execution by an impulse which he was powerless to control, HE WILL BE EXCUSED FROM PUNISHMENT!' The Michigan Supreme Court did accept irresistible impulse. It's precedent, Parn. We're in. God bless dear old Durfee, year 1886.

Both men come scrambling down from the balcony, meet at the littered table.

PARNELL
(grabbing a bottle of pop)
Read some more, Polly. Let me have it all.

PAUL
(reading)
'...or if he has not the power to resist the impulse to do the act...'

PARNELL
(takes a swig of strawberry soda)
By the saints, this strawberry soda pop is beginning to taste like good rye whiskey!

PAUL
(sits, makes notes)
Yeah - well, don't get drunk yet because this is just a candle in the wind. We've got to convince a jury our client <u>was</u> irresistibly impulsed.

PARNELL
(sobered)
That's a fact.

He automatically starts to take another swig of pop, catches himself in time and puts the bottle aside with great distaste.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - DAY

Groups of people stand about the rotunda. The marble stairway is crowded, mostly with older women, curiosity seekers looking for a thrill. From the main entrance comes CLAUDE DANCER, a slight man, conservatively but expensively dressed, not a man to draw immediate attention -- but as he threads his way through the clots of people in the rotunda and up the marble stairs the CAMERA EXAMINES him a little more closely -- obsidian eyes, a controlled intellectual face -- the face of a perceptive, clever man. As he pushes up the stairs he apologizes to those he brushes against, tips his hat to a group of ladies as he presses on.

69 TOP OF COURTHOUSE STAIRS

Here the main doors to the courtroom are guarded by a DEPUTY SHERIFF and here the traffic jam ends in a hubbub of protest. In the b. g. Dancer is working his way up the stairs.

A WOMAN
That courtroom can hold another hundred people, I know.

DEPUTY
Sorry, folks, this new judge won't allow any standees. You might as well go on home.

Dancer arrives, hands the Deputy a slip of paper. The Deputy glances at the paper and opens the courtroom door.

DEPUTY
Yessir, go right in.

DANCER
(removing his hat as he enters)
Thank you, officer.

70 COURTROOM

Dancer halts just inside the main doors as they close behind him. From his POV we look across the heads of the seated spectators to where Judge Weaver is on his bench, questioning the jurors.

JUDGE WEAVER
Now ladies and gentlemen of the jury, before we proceed further I must examine you for qualifications to sit here as jurors. Please remember you are under oath.

71 INSIDE THE BAR

Judge Weaver begins to question the jury.

JUDGE WEAVER
Are all of you citizens? Raise your hand if you are not.

Dancer is coming down the aisle toward the gate.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Are any of you deaf or in poor health?
(a mumble of "no's")
Are any of you over seventy and wish to be excused?

A mumble of "no's." Dancer has entered the bar where Mitch rises to meet him, shakes his hand, presents him with a chair at the Prosecutor's table.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Have any of you served on a jury in a Circuit Court in the last twelve months?
(a mumble of "no's")
Are any of you government or municipal employees and wish to be excused?

A mumble of "no's." Parnell, who sits with Maida on the spectators' bench immediately behind Paul and Manion, has seen Dancer's entrance. As the Judge's questions proceed, Parnell takes a note pad from his pocket, scratches a note, hands it to Maida who leans forward, passes it to Paul. Paul scans the note.

72 INSERT: NOTE

"The guy with Mitch is trouble shooter from Attorney General's office. I've seen him in action in Detroit. Look out."

73 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL

He folds the note before glancing toward Mitch's table. At Mitch's table, Dancer looks toward Paul's table and their eyes meet. Paul turns his attention again to the business at hand -- but a little disturbed. If Mitch has called in a ringer it could mean severe trouble. Judge Weaver has continued through this action.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

JUDGE WEAVER
Are there any Justices of the Peace or law enforcement officers among you?
(a mumble of "no's")
Are any of you related by marriage or blood to any law enforcement officer?
(a mumble of "no's")
So much for qualifications. I will now examine for cause. Do any of you have any business pending with the prosecuting attorney, Mitchell Lodwick?
(a mumble of "no's")
Do any of you have any business pending with Paul Biegler, attorney for the defense?
(a mumble of "no's")
Are any of you acquainted with the defendant sitting there on Mr. Biegler's left?
(a mumble of "no's")
Will Mrs. Laura Manion, the defendant's wife, please stand up?

From a lawyer's chair near Paul's table Laura rises. She is dressed in a neat, mousy suit with a Peter Pan collar. She wears almost no make-up. Her blonde tresses are coifed underneath a respectable hat and she wears horn-rimmed glasses.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Do any of you know Mrs. Manion?
(a mumble of "no's")
Thank you, Mrs. Manion. You may be seated.

Laura sits rather stiffly and surreptitiously inches her hand down along her thigh, gives her girdle a jerk, glares at Paul as he bites off a grin. Judge Weaver has continued.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Were any of you intimately acquainted with the deceased Barney Quill of Thunder Bay, Michigan?
(a mumble of "no's")
Counsel may challenge the jury.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH
(rises)
Your Honor, before counsel's challenge, may I introduce Mr. Claude Dancer to the Court. Mr. Dancer is an assistant Attorney General from Lansing. Because of the peculiar nature of this case, I requested the Attorney General to allow Mr. Dancer to sit in with the Prosecution.

JUDGE WEAVER
Your reputation precedes you, Mr. Dancer. It's a privilege to have you in my Court.

DANCER
(rising)
Thank you, Your Honor -- I'm sure it will be instructive.

JUDGE WEAVER
Do any of you jurors have any business pending before the Attorney General's office?

(a mumble of "no's")
Then we will proceed with the challenge for cause. Yours first, Mr. Prosecutor.

Mitch rises with a list of the jurors in hand.

MITCH
Frank Edmonds -- Mr. Edmonds, did you serve in the armed forces...?

DISSOLVE TO:

74 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Weaver enters, followed by Paul, Mitch and Dancer.

JUDGE WEAVER
(going to his desk)
I must apologize for my disparaging remarks about the Upper Peninsula and its customs. I have rarely seen a murder jury selected and sworn in only half a day. You have won my heart completely, gentlemen. Now, Mr. Dancer, you asked for this recess. What's on your mind?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

The Judge's shrewd eyes move from Paul to Dancer, knowing that these two men are the real adversaries in the case.

DANCER
There is a little suggestion I wanted to make.

JUDGE WEAVER
By all means.

DANCER
Since the defense plea is insanity, the prosecution has retained a psychiatrist. Under the statutes we have a right to petition for a mental examination of the defendant by our own doctor. Are you familiar with the statute, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
Moderately.

DANCER
It would delay things to file a formal petition. Why don't we get together and informally agree to ask his honor for an adjournment -- just for a day or so, and let our doctor visit with the defendant. It will save everybody time, don't you think, Mr. Biegler?

Judge Weaver's eyes dart to Paul as a tennis fan following a fast hit ball.

PAUL
(eyes twinkling)
I'm sure it would.

The Judge's eyes bounce to Dancer.

DANCER
Good.

PAUL
But suppose you go ahead and file the formal petition anyway. Of course, you're a little late, but maybe his honor will overlook that - and then I'd sort of like the jury to see that you think our insanity plea has some merit.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

DANCER
There's really no need for our doctor to examine your client. Naturally I was only following the usual procedure.

PAUL
Naturally. I'm all for it.

JUDGE WEAVER
Do you wish to file the petition or not, Mr. Dancer?

MITCH
I think we ought to...

DANCER
(cutting him off)
It won't be necessary.

MITCH
(changing tune)
That's right, it isn't necessary at all.

Dancer smiles at Paul, seeming to be pleased that he is opposed by a mind perhaps as sharp as his own.

JUDGE WEAVER
(rising, shaking out his robe)
Skirmish over. Shall we now join on the field of battle?

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial is under way, the courtroom quiet that all may catch the testimony of the witnesses. Parnell and Maida are in their place on the front bench, Laura in the lawyer's chair, Dancer at the prosecution table, imperturbable but alert. Mitch is on his feet, examining DOCTOR RASCHID who, because of many such experiences, is at home in the witness box. Judge Weaver reclines in his chair, eyeglasses pushed up on his forehead. As the questioning proceeds, the Judge is attracted to Paul who does not seem to be paying any attention to the proceedings but is fiddling around, manufacturing an angling lure from material in his pocket. He is binding several small fish hooks together with a piece of red flannel. The Judge drops his glasses down to better see what Paul is doing and the CAMERA MOVES IN on Paul's hands, then to a CLOSE UP of Judge Weaver, interested and rather amused. OVER THIS Mitch's direct examination of Dr. Raschid.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

MITCH
Dr. Raschid, did you perform an autopsy on the body of one Barney Quill?

RASCHID
I did -- on the night of August seventeenth in the Saint Francis Hospital of this city.

MITCH
Were you able to determine the cause of death?

Raschid takes out and unfolds several sheets of typewritten paper.

PAUL
(without rising)
The defense will accept a summary of the report.

MITCH
People agree, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
The witness will state the necessary facts.

RASCHID
The body of Quill had sustained five gunshot wounds. One of the bullets had passed through the heart. Death in my opinion was almost instantaneous and was directly caused by this wound.

MITCH
May I have your detailed report?

Raschid hands Mitch the report.

MITCH
(continues; giving a copy to the COURT REPORTER)
I ask that this report be marked People's Exhibit One for identification.

JUDGE WEAVER
So received and marked.

MITCH
(passing a copy to Paul)
The People hand the defense a copy of the report.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE WEAVER
So noted.

MITCH
Counsel may cross-examine.

Paul places the unfinished lure between the pages of a single lawbook on the table before him and, perusing the doctor's report, he rises.

PAUL
Dr. Raschid, your primary purpose was to ascertain the cause of death, was it not?

RASCHID
Yes.

PAUL
Yet I see by your report that you checked to determine whether spermatogenesis was occurring in the body of the deceased at the time of death.

MITCH
Objection, Your Honor -- the People have called this witness only to show cause of death.

PAUL
Your Honor, the entire report has been entered as evidence and the report contains this information about spermatogenesis.

JUDGE WEAVER
Overruled, Mr. Lodwick. Take the answer.

RASCHID
Yes, I made that examination on the deceased.

PAUL
Will you tell the Court your findings?

RASCHID
Spermatogenesis was occurring at the time of death.

PAUL
In other words, the deceased, in life, was not sterile -- he could produce children? Is that correct, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

RASCHID
That is correct.

PAUL
Now, Doctor, if a woman says she's had intercourse with a certain man and this man is proved fertile yet no evidence is found in the woman's body, couldn't a lawyer--say a prosecuting attorney--use this as evidence that the woman is lying?

MITCH
Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning. We're not concerned here with whether or not there's been relations between a man and a woman.

PAUL
Since an examination for spermatogenesis was made, certainly we're entitled to know why.

JUDGE WEAVER
Objection overruled. Take the answer.

RASCHID
Yes, prosecution could use that--though certainly it would not be conclusive that she was lying.

PAUL
Why not?

RASCHID
Well, there could be several reasons why the test on her was negative--the use of a contraceptive or perhaps there was no completion on the part of the man.

PAUL
In this post-mortem were you also asked to determine whether or not the deceased had had a sexual climax shortly before his death?

RASCHID
No.

PAUL
Could you have made such a determination?

RASCHID
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL
Then you were only asked to make such examination as might be useful to the prosecution, but none which might help the defense, although such evidence might have existed?

RASCHID
Well, yes --

DANCER
I object, Your Honor. The question is argumentative. Counsel for the defense is trying to impugn the intent of the representatives of the People.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Biegler, you're aware that the question is highly improper.

PAUL
I'll withdraw the question and apologize, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Question and answer will be stricken and jury will disregard.

PAUL
That's all the questions I have.

MITCH
No re-direct.

Paul returns to his table, glances at Parnell and Parnell executes a concealed winner's grip.

MANION
(whispering to Paul)
How can a jury disregard something they've already heard?

PAUL
(takes his lure from the lawbook, works on it)
They can't Lieutenant -- They can't.

MANION
(whispering)
I think you're a shyster, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL
(whispering)
You've unmasked me, Lieutenant.

While this exchange between Parnell, Manion and Paul has been going on, in the b. g. a new witness, one LLOYD BURKE has been called and sworn. Now Mitch takes up the examination of Lloyd Burke.

MITCH
Mr. Burke, will you state your profession please?

BURKE
I'm a commercial photographer.

MITCH
Were you called upon by the police to take photographs of the body of the deceased Bernard Quill before he was removed from the scene of death?

BURKE
Yessir, I was.

Mitch takes a half a dozen 8 x 10 photographs from his table and approaches the witness.

MITCH
(handing the photographs to Burke)
Were these photographs of the deceased made by you?

BURKE
(looking at the pictures)
They were.

Mitch takes the photographs to the Court Reporter's table.

MITCH
The reporter will please mark these photographs People's Exhibit 2A to 2F inclusive for identification. Photographs are tendered to the defense for examination and the People move their admission as evidence. Your witness.

PAUL
No questions and no objection.

But Laura suddenly leans forward and whispers to Paul.

75 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
(continues)
Just a moment, Mr. Burke.

Burke sits again in the witness box. Paul gets the photographs, looks them over.

PAUL
(continues)
Mr. Burke, were the photographs offered here in evidence the only photographs you took that night?

BURKE
No.

PAUL
I suppose the others didn't turn out, was that it?

BURKE
(a little offended)
All my pictures turn out.

PAUL
Did you give these other photographs to the police?

BURKE
Yes, sir, I did.

PAUL
Well, what were they, Mr. Burke -- just some side shots, maybe of the moon or of a black bear scavenging the Thunder Bay dump?

MITCH
Your Honor, I object. I can't see how other photographs are relevant. The photographs in evidence were introduced to show that the deceased met with a violent death.

PAUL
Your Honor, I would think that any photographs pertaining to the case would be relevant.

JUDGE WEAVER
The point is good, Mr. Biegler. Continue.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL
What were the other photographs of, Mr. Burke?

BURKE
Lieutenant Manion's wife.

PAUL
You mean these photographs showed how she looked on that night after Barney Quill was killed?

BURKE
Yes.

DANCER
Your Honor, how Mrs. Manion looked is irrelevant. No evidence has been introduced to connect Mrs. Manion's appearance to the charge of murder.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained.

PAUL
The photographs can be entered, Your Honor. I just wanted to be sure that the prosecution was not withholding evidence.

MITCH
(angry)
Now look here -- I protest. The defense attorney's persistent attack on the motives of the prosecution...

JUDGE WEAVER
(cutting him off)
The jury will disregard the remark made by the attorney for the defense. There is no reason to believe that the prosecution has not acted in good faith.

PAUL
My apologies to the prosecution and to the Court, but Your Honor, as long as protests are being made, I would like to make a protest myself. I'm willing to take on these two legal giants any time, any place, but in common fairness it ought to be one at a time. I don't want both of them pitching knuckle balls at me at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (8)

A couple of enrapt jurors nod in agreement. The Judge catches the movement and his eyes twinkle.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Biegler, you seem to be batting a thousand with a bat in each hand, but your point is well taken. Whichever attorney opens with the witness, he alone shall continue with that witness until the witness is excused.

PAUL
Thanks, Your Honor.

JUDGE
Have you finished with this witness, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
No more questions.

MITCH
No questions.

JUDGE WEAVER
Witness may step down. It's five o'clock and we have had a full day. I will admonish the jury that they must not discuss this case among themselves, with their families, friends or anyone else. The Court is adjourned until nine a. m. tomorrow morning.

He raps his gavel and steps down to his chambers, followed by the Court Clerk. The Sheriff, "Hear ye - hear ye - this honorable Court is adjourned until nine a. m. tomorrow morning." Immediately newspaper photographers are inside the bar, flash bulbs popping, catching pictures of all participants, of Laura, Manion and of Mitch, who poses readily.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. COURTHOUSE - TOP OF STAIRS - MORNING

Paul, standing inside at the top of the stairs, his single lawbook under his arm, watching the spectators crowd up the stairs and into the courtroom. The Deputy at the door keeps repeating "Move slowly," "Don't rush," "Take it easy, folks." Maida is in the crush on the stairs, literally being pushed upward. She reaches the landing and manages to slip out of the mob to Paul.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

MAIDA
(straightening
her hat)
We're drawing well today, aren't we?

PAUL
Where's Parnell?

MAIDA
Parnell? Why, isn't he here?

PAUL
No, and he isn't in his rooming house and hasn't been there all night. You saw him last. Where is he?

MAIDA
I promised not to tell, so don't ask me.

PAUL
What's the big secret.

MAIDA
He thinks you might worry.

PAUL
Did he fall off the wagon?

MAIDA
No. He's sober.

PAUL
Did he go somewhere?

MAIDA
He did borrow my car for something or other.

PAUL
That was smart. He hasn't driven a car in twenty years. He'll kill himself. Where's he going?

MAIDA
My word is my bond.

Holding onto her hat, she steps back into the crush of spectators and is carried on into the courtroom.

77 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Maida's old car comes speeding along, wobbling on a curve, veering to the center, forcing another car off on the shoulder.

78 INT. MAIDA'S CAR - DAY

Parnell, oblivious to danger, singing a rollicking song at the top of his lungs -- tires screeching as he comes around the curve, horns HONKING at him in anger.

79 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Maida's car zigzags through frightened traffic, speeds on down the highway. The CAMERA PANS to a sign on a shoulder: "SLOW 1/2 MILE TO CANADIAN CUSTOMS INSPECTION STATION."

80 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The spectators are in their seats, the doors of the courtroom closed. Manion and Laura are in their places with Paul. Maida is on the first spectators' bench behind Paul's table. At the prosecution table sits a stranger with Dancer and Mitch. The stranger is stooped, spare, a grey droopy mustache, a high-domed forehead. Judge Weaver comes from his chambers and the hall grows quiet as the Sheriff calls the Court to order.

JUDGE WEAVER
We will again take up the case of People versus Frederick Manion. Is the defense ready?

PAUL
Yes, sir, Your Honor, but the defense observes a third person at the prosecution table. We wonder if the Court shares our curiosity as to his identity.

MITCH
I was about to introduce him. Your Honor, this gentleman is Dr. W. Gregory Harcourt. Dr. Harcourt is the People's psychiatrist in this case. We ask that Dr. Harcourt be allowed to sit at our table as an observer.

PAUL
What do you want him to observe? -- the constellation of Taurus or the life and times of a bumblebee?

MITCH
To observe the defendant, of course - as the tirelessly grandstanding defense counsel well knows.

PAUL
Defense has no objection, Your Honor. I only wish to express my relief that the new recruit is not additional legal reinforcement from Lansing.

A titter from a couple of jurors.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

JUDGE WEAVER
(rapping)
Call the first witness.

MITCH
Call Alphonse Paquette.

COURT CLERK
Alphonse Paquette come forward.

Paquette comes from the witness bench into the enclosure, is sworn and seated.

MITCH
State your name, please.

PAQUETTE
Alphonse Paquette.

MITCH
You work at the Thunder Bay Inn, don't you, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE
I'm bartender there.

MITCH
Were you working on the night that Barney Quill was shot by Frederick Manion?

PAQUETTE
I was.

MITCH
Were you witness to the shooting?

PAQUETTE
I was.

MITCH
Please tell us in your own words what happened.

PAQUETTE
I was at a table by the door when Lieutenant Manion came in.

MITCH
Did you know Lieutenant Manion by sight and by name?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

PAQUETTE
Yessir.

MITCH
Go ahead.

PAQUETTE
He came in and walked over to the bar and began to shoot. He shot Barney when he came up to the bar and when Barney fell he stood up on the rail and kept on shooting down at Barney behind the bar. Then he stepped down off the rail and turned around and walked out.

MITCH
When Lieutenant Manion entered the bar, how did he appear to you?

PAQUETTE
Well, he walked slow--kind of deliberate I guess you'd say.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH
Did he speak to Barney Quill?

PAQUETTE
Not a word. He just walked over and pulled out his gun and 'bang!'

MITCH
Then he walked out?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

MITCH
As he walked out, how did he appear to you?

PAQUETTE
He seemed just like he did when he walked in. Like he was the mailman delivering the mail. He delivered it and left.

MITCH
Did he seem excited?

PAQUETTE
Not that I could see.

MITCH
Was he trembling, maybe his hands shaking?

PAQUETTE
Far as I could see he was as cool as ice.

MITCH
When Lieutenant Manion walked out of the bar, what did you do?

PAQUETTE
Well, it had happened so fast that I guess I was stunned, but then I ran out after him.

MITCH
Did you find him outside?

PAQUETTE
Yes, sir - he was walking away.

MITCH
Did you speak to him?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (3)

PAQUETTE
Yes, sir, I said, 'Lieutenant, you'd better not run away from this.'

MITCH
Did he reply to you?

PAQUETTE
He said, 'Do you want some too, Buster?'

MITCH
Was he pointing the gun at you?

PAQUETTE
Sort of.

MITCH
Can you be more specific, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE
Well, he was holding the gun in my direction but the muzzle was low.

MITCH
What happened then?

PAQUETTE
I backed off and he went on.

MITCH
When he said, 'Do you want some too, Buster,' how was that expressed? Did he shout, was it hysterical, was he hoarse, did his voice tremble?

PAQUETTE
No, sir, he just said it cool and hard and looked right at me.

MITCH
Did he appear to be, as far as you could tell, in complete possession of his faculties?

PAQUETTE
Yes, sir, as far as I could tell.

MITCH
Your witness.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL
(places his lure between the pages of the book and rises)
Mr. Paquette, did you see Laura Manion, wife of Lieutenant Manion, in the bar that night?

MITCH
Your Honor, there he goes again. This is immaterial and irrelevant.

PAUL
The prosecution seems to be excessively jumpy, Your Honor. I haven't gone anywhere yet.

JUDGE WEAVER
Let's see where he is going before we object, Mr. Lodwick. Proceed, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Did you see Mrs. Manion in the bar?

PAQUETTE
She was there.

PAUL
Do you know when she left?

PAQUETTE
I don't remember when but she left some time.

PAUL
Did Barney Quill leave the bar that night?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
How long was he gone?

PAQUETTE
I don't know exactly.

PAUL
Do you remember when he returned?

PAQUETTE
I think he came back around midnight.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL
Did you see him enter the bar?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
From which entrance did he come? From the lobby entrance or the outside entrance?

PAQUETTE
It was from the lobby.

PAUL
How did he appear to you at that time?

PAQUETTE
How do you mean?

PAUL
You understood the prosecuting attorney very well when he asked that question.

PAQUETTE
Oh -- well, he was just old Barney, like usual.

PAUL
You mean, he was just good-old-sober-reliable-gentle-salt-of-the-earth-friend-to-man Barney?

MITCH
Your Honor, what kind of a question is that?

PAUL
I withdraw the question, Your Honor. Now, Mr. Paquette, had Barney changed his clothes since he left the bar?

Paquette hesitates.

PAUL
(continues)
Did he have different clothing on, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE
I don't remember.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
Might his clothes have been different when he returned? That is, might he have changed his clothes?

PAQUETTE
I couldn't say. I didn't notice.

PAUL
Was Barney drinking that night?

PAQUETTE
Well, he always had a few shots while he was talking to the customers. He was friendly.

PAUL
Good old Barney. Now how many shots would you say good old Barney usually had?

PAQUETTE
I don't know exactly.

PAUL
Was he drinking more than usual that night?

PAQUETTE
Not to my knowledge.

PAUL
Wasn't he in fact pretty well loaded that night, Mr. Paquette?

MITCH
Objection, Your Honor. If the deceased was dead drunk it's no defense to this charge.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained. I suggest you get off this, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Mr. Paquette, what do you call a man who has an insatiable penchant for women?

PAQUETTE
A what?

PAUL
Penchant...a desire...appetite... passion...taste...hunger.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (7)

PAQUETTE
Well, a ladies' man, I guess -- or maybe just a damned fool.

A titter runs through the courtroom.

JUDGE WEAVER
(rapping his gavel)
Just answer the question, Mr. Paquette. The attorneys will provide the wisecracks.

PAUL
What else would you call a man like that, Mr. Paquette?

MITCH
We can't see the drift of this, Your Honor.

PAUL
You mean you do see it, Mr. Lodwick.

JUDGE WEAVER
Take the answer.

PAUL
Can you think of another name, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE
Woman chaser.

PAUL
Try again.

PAQUETTE
Masher?

PAUL
Come now, Mr. Paquette, mashers went out with whalebone corsets and hairnets. Did you ever hear the expression 'wolf?'

PAQUETTE
Sure. I've heard that. It slipped my mind.

PAUL
Naturally it would, clanking around in there with all those rusty old mashers. Have you ever known a man who could be called a wolf, Mr. Paquette?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (8)

PAQUETTE
I'm not sure.

PAUL
Was Barney Quill a wolf, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE
I couldn't say.

PAUL
Or wouldn't.

MITCH
Objection.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained. The question was answered, he couldn't say.

PAUL
Mr. Paquette, when Barney returned from wherever he had been, did he relieve you at the bar?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
What did he say when he relieved you?

PAQUETTE
He said, 'I'll take over.'

PAUL
Did he say anything else? Did he whisper anything to you?

PAQUETTE
(looking away, hesitating)
I don't remember he said anything else.

PAUL
When you came out from behind the bar, where did you go?

PAQUETTE
I went over to the table where the Pedersons were sitting.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (9)

PAUL
You testified that you were by the door when Lieutenant Manion came in. Was that the reason you were by the door, because the Pedersons' table was there?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
And how long was it before Lieutenant Manion came in?

PAQUETTE
I don't know exactly -- maybe thirty minutes.

PAUL
You remained at the Pedersons' table all this time?

PAQUETTE
Yes -- they're friends of mine.

PAUL
Isn't there also a window by that table?

PAQUETTE
I think so.

PAUL
You think so? How long have you worked at the Thunder Bay Inn, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE
About six or seven years.

PAUL
Well, does that window beside that table sometimes vanish and then appear again? Does it come and go in a ghostly fashion?

PAQUETTE
No sir. It's there all the time.

PAUL
Did you happen to look out of this window while you were talking to your friends?

PAQUETTE
I might have.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (10)

PAUL
When you were looking out of this window, were you looking for something special?

PAQUETTE
No -- I wasn't looking for anything.

PAUL
Didn't Barney Quill tell you to go to the window and watch for Lieutenant Manion?

Paquette freezes, licks his lips nervously.

MITCH
I object, Your Honor. Counsel has gone far afield.

JUDGE WEAVER
Perhaps so, Mr. Lodwick, but there seems to be no real offense. Take the answer.

PAUL
Did he tell you to watch for Lieutenant Manion?

PAQUETTE
He did not.

PAUL
Mr. Paquette, Barney Quill was quite a marksman, wasn't he, with guns? He'd won prizes for shooting, hadn't he?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
He was well known for his skill, wasn't he? He also kept loving cups, pictures and write-ups about his shooting on display behind the bar, didn't he?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
Did he keep any guns behind the bar?

PAQUETTE
Well, he might have.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (11)

PAUL
Isn't it a fact that there are three concealed pistol racks behind that bar, Mr. Paquette?

MITCH
Your honor, the defendant's plea is one of insanity, not self-defense.

JUDGE WEAVER
I'm sure Mr. Biegler has not forgotten that fact, Mr. Lodwick. Take the answer.

PAUL
Are there concealed gun racks behind the bar?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
How many people knew about those gun racks?

PAQUETTE
I couldn't say.

PAUL
Isn't it a fact that Barney sometimes took the pistols out of those racks, spinning them on his fingers, showing off his prowess for his customers?

PAQUETTE
I don't remember.

PAUL
Try to remember, did you ever see him do this yourself?

PAQUETTE
Once or twice he did.

PAUL
That's all, Mr. Paquette.

MITCH
No further questions.

JUDGE WEAVER
Witness may step down.

MITCH
Call George Lemon.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (12)

As Paquette leaves the enclosure and Mr. Lemon comes in and is sworn -- at the prosecution table, Mitch huddles with Dancer.

MITCH
(continues)
Biegler's going off in all directions. What's he getting at?

DANCER
I've a feeling he's afraid of what we'll get at. Mr. Biegler's putting up a smoke screen for some reason.

Mitch rises to begin examination of Lemon.

MITCH
State your name, please.

LEMON
George Lemon.

MITCH
What kind of work do you do, Mr. Lemon?

LEMON
I'm caretaker of the tourist park in Thunder Bay. I see that the place is clean and orderly, I check people in and check them out and lock the gate at night.

MITCH
What is your authority for these duties?

LEMON
I'm paid by Mastodon township and I'm a deputy sheriff - just courtesy, sort of -- no pay.

MITCH
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Manion lived in a trailer in your park, didn't they?

LEMON
Yessir.

MITCH
Did you see Lieutenant Manion on the night of the fifteenth? The night Barney Quill was killed?

LEMON
Yessir.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (13)

MITCH
Will you tell the Court about how and when you saw Lieutenant Manion?

LEMON
About one a. m. a knock on my door waked me up. I went to the door and Lieutenant Manion was standing there. He said, 'You better take me, Mr. Lemon, because I just shot Barney Quill.' I told him to go back to his trailer and that I would call the State Police.

MITCH
How did Lieutenant Manion appear to you when he asked you to take him? I mean, was he trembling, excited, frightened, or what?

LEMON
He seemed right straight forward. He said what he had to say and then did what I told him. There wasn't any fuss.

MITCH
Did he appear to be as far as you could tell in complete possession of his faculties?

LEMON
As far as I could tell, yes sir.

MITCH
Take the witness.

PAUL
(rising)
Mr. Lemon, did you go to Manion's trailer?

LEMON
Yes sir.

PAUL
Did you see Mrs. Manion at the trailer?

LEMON
She was standing outside and she said, 'Look what Barney did to me.'

MITCH
Objection, Your Honor. Witness is not answering the question. He was asked, 'Did you see Mrs. Manion.'

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (14)

JUDGE WEAVER
Strike the answer and the jury will disregard. Take the question again, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Did you see Mrs. Manion?

LEMON
Yes sir.

PAUL
What was her appearance?

LEMON
Well -- she was a mess.

MITCH
Objection. No evidence has been introduced to make Mrs. Manion's appearance relevant to this case.

PAUL
(angry)
No evidence was introduced to make Barney Quill's appearance relevant but you didn't object to my question then. Is that because you know that Quill bathed and changed and cooled off after he had raped and beat the hell out of this poor woman?

MITCH
Your honor, everybody in this courtroom is being tried except Frederick Manion. I must protest Mr. Biegler's attacks on...

PAUL
(cutting in)
This is a cross-examination in a murder case, not a high school debate! What are you and Dancer trying to do? -- railroad this soldier into the clink?

Judge Weaver is pounding with his gavel and finally the room is quiet.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Biegler, you're an experienced attorney and you know better than to make such an outburst.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (15)

JUDGE WEAVER (cont'd)
I will not tolerate intemperance of this sort. If you once again try the patience of this Court, I shall hold you in contempt.

PAUL
I apologize, Your Honor. It won't happen again.

JUDGE WEAVER
The witness' answer will be stricken and the jury will disregard the answer. Now you may proceed, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Mr. Lemon, on the night Lieutenant Manion awakened you and turned himself in, had you been awakened before -- had anything else disturbed your slumbers?

LEMON
No, sir.

PAUL
There were no soldiers singing?

LEMON
No, sir, not in my park after ten o'clock.

PAUL
There were no women screaming?

LEMON
Well, those screams were down by the gate..

MITCH
Objection, objection.

JUDGE WEAVER
I see no reason for objection yet, Mr. Lodwick.

PAUL
Tell us about those screams, Mr. Lemon.

LEMON
I didn't hear 'em myself. There were some tourists from Ohio in the park and they heard them and told me about it the next day.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (16)

JUDGE WEAVER
Now, Mr. Lodwick.

MITCH
This testimony is incompetent, hearsay -- irrelevant, immaterial, inconclusive --

PAUL
(cutting in)
That's too much for me. The witness is yours, Mr. Lodwick.

MITCH
(caught in mid-air by Paul's sudden switch)
Huh? -- oh, no questions.

JUDGE WEAVER
Witness may step down. Call your next witness.

The next witness is SERGEANT DURGO of the Michigan State Police. As he is called and sworn, Paul, at the counsel table, whispers with Maida over the railing which separates them.

PAUL
When we break you'd better phone that Army psychiatrist. Tell him to be here day after tomorrow.

MAIDA
Will do.

PAUL
Will you please tell me where Parnell has gone?

MAIDA
Won't do.

PAUL
You're fired.

MAIDA
You can't fire me until you pay me.

Sergeant Durgo is now on the stand. He is a strong-looking, handsome man of about forty, direct, thoughtful, honest. Mitch takes the direct examination.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (17)

MITCH
State your name and your occupation, please.

DURGO
Detective Sergeant James Durgo. Michigan State Police.

MITCH
Were you called to Thunder Bay by Deputy Sheriff Lemon of Thunder Bay on the night that Barney Quill was shot and killed?

DURGO
Yes sir, I was. My companion officer and I were the first to be called in on the case.

MITCH
Sergeant Durgo, when you arrived at the Manion trailer, who was there?

DURGO
Lieutenant Manion and his wife were there.

MITCH
What did Lieutenant Manion say to you?

DURGO
He said that his wife had had some trouble with Barney Quill and that he had gone to the tavern and shot Quill. He asked us whether Quill was dead or not and we told him he was.

MITCH
How did Lieutenant Manion take this information?

DURGO
He didn't seem surprised.

MITCH
What did you do then, Sergeant Durgo?

DURGO
I asked for the gun he had used.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (18)

MITCH
Did you take Lieutenant Manion to the County jail here in Iron City on that same night?

DURGO
Yes sir. We drove the Lieutenant down with his wife.

MITCH
On the drive to Iron City did the Lieutenant talk further about the shooting?

DURGO
He remarked that if he had the whole thing to do over again he would still do it. He also said that he had thought about it before going to the bar and had decided that Quill shouldn't be allowed to live.

MITCH
Through all this -- at the trailer -- the drive to Iron City, how did Lieutenant Manion appear to you?

DURGO
He was very quiet most of the time and seemed clear-headed.

MITCH
You would say he was calm?

DURGO
Yes -- calm.

MITCH
As far as you could tell, would you say that he was in complete possession of his faculties?

DURGO
He seemed so to me.

MITCH
Your witness.

PAUL
Now sergeant, you testified that the Lieutenant told you he had shot Barney Quill after he had learned that his wife had had 'some trouble' with Quill. Were those the words the Lieutenant used? 'Some trouble?'

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (19)

DURGO
No sir. Those were my words -- not his.

PAUL
Was it your notion to come here and use your own words?

DURGO
No sir, it was not.

PAUL
Was the suggestion made to you to call it 'some trouble' by a person now in this room?

DURGO
(looking toward Mitch)
Yessir, it was.

PAUL
Now would you please tell the Court what words Lieutenant Manion actually used to describe the 'trouble' his wife had had?

MITCH
Objection, your honor. We've been over this before. This information would not be relevant to any issue before the Court.

PAUL
This statement concerning 'some trouble' was brought out during the direct examination of Sergeant Durgo. Up to now the prosecution has adroitly restricted all of their witnesses' testimonies where Laura Manion has been concerned. But now the cat is out of the bag and it's fair game for me to chase it.

JUDGE WEAVER
This is a sore point, Mr. Biegler, and it's getting sorer. I'd like to hear what the prosecution has to say.

Mitch and Dancer confer for a moment. Then Mitch rises.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (20)

MITCH
Your honor, the burden is on the defense to prove temporary insanity at the time of the shooting. If the reason for the alleged insanity is important to this case then that is a matter for a competent witness -- an expert on the subject of the human mind. What the defense is trying to do is introduce some sensational material for the purposes of obscuring the real issues.

PAUL
Your honor, how can the jury accurately estimate the testimony being given here unless they first know the reason behind this whole trial -- why Lieutenant Manion shot Quill? The prosecution would like to separate the motive from the act. That's like trying to take the core from an apple without breaking the skin. Well, the core of our defense is that the defendant's temporary insanity was triggered by this so-called 'trouble' with Quill. I beg the Court to let me cut into the apple.

MITCH
Our objection still stands, your honor.

The courtroom is silent. All attention upon Judge Weaver. This is why he is called judge, because alone he must decide what is just or unjust. Judge Weaver, in deep study, takes out his watch, winds it, the SOUND clearly heard in the silent room. He looks at Paul, Manion, Laura, Dancer and Mitch. He looks out over the slack-mouthed thrill seekers among the spectators and from his POV we, too, look at all these people. Finally the judge leans back in his chair, puts his watch back in his pocket.

JUDGE WEAVER
I'll take the answer.

A wave of muted excitement travels through the courtroom. Paul, gratified and triumphant, rises to continue the cross-examination. Mitch rises, intending to protest the judge's decision, but is stayed by a touch on his arm from Dancer.

PAUL
Sergeant Durgo, tell the Court how Lieutenant Manion described the trouble his wife had with Barney Quill.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (21)

DURGO
He told us that Quill had raped his wife.

PAUL
Can you recall generally what Lieutenant Manion told you about this rape?

DURGO
Yessir. He said he'd been asleep since right after dinner and that he was waked up by some noise -- screams he thought. That he got up and opened the trailer door and went outside and his wife came running out of the dark and fell into his arms.

PAUL
You saw his wife in the trailer. How did she look?

DURGO
She was a little hysterical and she'd been pretty badly beaten up. She had big black bruises over her face and arms.

PAUL
Did she tell you the story about the rape and beating?

DURGO
She did.

PAUL
Did she take you to the place where it had happened?

DURGO
Yessir. The next morning.

PAUL
Did you find anything there -- any sort of evidence pertaining to what Mrs. Manion had told you?

DURGO
On the lane in the woods we found some tire tracks and some dog tracks and a glasses case with some horn-rimmed glasses inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (22)

DURGO (cont'd)
We also looked for a -- uh -- a certain undergarment of Mrs. Manion's, but we didn't find it.

JUDGE WEAVER
Will the attorneys from both sides approach the bench please?

Paul, Dancer and Mitch come to the Judge's bench. The Judge leans over to look down at them and their conversation is conducted in a low monotone.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Mr. Biegler, you finally got your rape into the case and I think all the details should be made very clear to the jury. Do you agree, Mr. Lodwick?

MITCH
Absolutely.

JUDGE WEAVER
What exactly was the undergarment just referred to?

PAUL
Panties, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Do you expect this subject to come up again?

PAUL
Yes sir.

JUDGE WEAVER
There's a certain light connotation attached to the word 'panties.' Can we find another name for them?

MITCH
I never heard my wife call 'em anything else.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
I'm a bachelor, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (23)

JUDGE WEAVER
That's a great help. Mr. Dancer?

DANCER
When I was overseas during the war, Your Honor, I learned a French word but it might be slightly suggestive.

JUDGE WEAVER
Most French words are. All right, go back to your places.

The attorneys return to their tables.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
For the benefit of the jury, but more especially for the spectators, the undergarment referred to in the testimony was, to be exact, Mrs. Manion's panties.

A snicker goes through the room. Judge Weaver waits for quiet again.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
I wanted you to get your snickering over and done with. This pair of panties will be mentioned again in the course of the trial and when that happens there will not be one laugh, one snicker, one giggle or even one smirk, in my courtroom. There isn't anything comic about a pair of panties which figure in the violent death of one man and in the possible incarceration of another.

A long pause, a pin drop can be heard.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Proceed, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Sergeant, did you further investigate Mrs. Manion's story?

DURGO
Yessir. I asked a lot of questions -- like did anyone hear the screams from up by the gate that night. We found some people in the tourist park who had heard the screams.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (24)

PAUL
Go ahead. What else did you do in your investigation?

DURGO
I made Mrs. Manion tell her story several times.

PAUL
I suppose you were looking for variance in her story?

DURGO
Yessir, but there wasn't any.

PAUL
Did you give Mrs. Manion a lie-detector test?

MITCH
Objection. A polygraph test is inadmissible evidence in our courts.

PAUL
I only asked if he gave a test. I didn't ask the results.

JUDGE WEAVER
Take the answer.

DURGO
I gave her a lie-detector test at her request.

PAUL
Now after all this investigation, did you believe Mrs. Manion?

DURGO
I did.

PAUL
Even after the lie-detector test?

DURGO
Yessir.

MITCH
Your honor, I object to that question and answer. It constitutes flagrant, sneaking subterfuge on the part of the defense counsel.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (25)

JUDGE WEAVER
Objection sustained. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, a polygraph or lie-detector test is not admissible evidence because no one has ever been sure but what some people can lie even to a lie-detector and get away with it. Go ahead with your field day, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
(a half-grin)
Thank you, Your Honor. But in any case, Sergeant Durgo, you yourself in your heart and mind were quite convinced of Mrs. Manion's honesty.

DURGO
Yessir.

PAUL
That's all.

MITCH
Just a moment.

He and Dancer are conferring -- Mitch nodding to what Dancer is saying. Mitch rises.

MITCH
(continues)
Sergeant Durgo, did you look for the panties elsewhere than the lane in the woods?

DURGO
We looked in Barney Quill's car and his room in the hotel. We couldn't find the panties.

MITCH
Do you know why Mrs. Manion requested a lie-detector test?

DURGO
I know what she said.

MITCH
What was that?

DURGO
She said she wanted everybody to believe her story because she knew it would help her husband.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (26)

MITCH
That was the only reason she gave?

DURGO
I don't remember anything else. She said she had already sworn to her husband and she wanted everybody else to believe it, too.

Dancer is riveted. Paul's face is tight. Laura's lips are open, tremulous. Maida compulsively closes her eyes. Dancer rises and whispers to Mitch.

MITCH
Sergeant Durgo, did Mrs. Manion tell you how she had sworn to her husband?

DURGO
Yessir. She said she had sworn on a rosary.

MITCH
A moment, your honor.
(he again confers with Dancer and returns to the witness)
Sergeant, this lane in the woods -- what is it used for -- where does it go?

DURGO
It used to be a logging road -- doesn't go any place -- it just stops.

MITCH
Who uses it now?

DURGO
I think it's a road that kids drive down to park.

MITCH
You mean, it's a lovers' lane.

DURGO
I think so, yes sir.

MITCH
The witness is yours, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
No questions.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (27)

JUDGE
Witness may step down.

Paul glances at Dancer. Dancer smiles and nods as if to say, "Yes, I've caught on."

MITCH
In view of the evidence concerning rape which your honor has ruled admissible, the prosecution asks for a thirty minute recess in order to bring in another witness whom we had not anticipated using.

JUDGE WEAVER
Can you get the witness in that length of time?

MITCH
Yes sir.

JUDGE WEAVER
Very well. The Court is recessed for thirty minutes.

In the general hubbub of recess, Paul turns to Laura and Manion.

PAUL
Why didn't you tell me about that rosary?

MANION
We forgot it.

LAURA
We didn't forget it. Manny said maybe we ought not to tell that again.

MANION
It might have looked like something else -- like I didn't believe her.

PAUL
How much more didn't you tell me?

MANION
Everything else. We told you everything else.

PAUL
Is that right, Laura?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (28)

LAURA
(a hesitation, a glance at Manion)
Yes, everything else.

PAUL
Well, the fat's in the fire now. Get this -- both of you. When you get on the stand I want you to tell the truth. Don't tell anything but the truth. Don't try to lie, don't try to conceal or you'll be skinned alive. Dancer's going to start moving in.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DR. DOMPIERRE is on the stand. A pleasant faced, bespectacled bald-headed little doctor. Dancer is examining.

DANCER
Doctor, did you have occasion to come to the county jail on the night of August the fifteenth of this year?

DOMPIERRE
I did.

DANCER
Who called you to the jail?

DOMPIERRE
The police authorities.

DANCER
What did they want you to do?

DOMPIERRE
They wanted me to make a test for the presence of sperm on the person of a Mrs. Frederick Manion. I made the test.

DANCER
In making this test, what was your conclusion?

DOMPIERRE
Negative. There was none.

DANCER
Your witness, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Doctor, in making your test, did you notice any bruises or marks on Mrs. Manion at that time?

DOMPIERRE
I did.

PAUL
Were you asked to determine the reason for these bruises?

DOMPIERRE
I was not.

PAUL
Where did you do the laboratory work on the test for sperm?

DOMPIERRE
Saint Margaret's Hospital in this city.

PAUL
Who worked the slides up for you?

DOMPIERRE
A technician at the hospital.

PAUL
What kind of a technician?

DOMPIERRE
Oh, X-Ray -- like that.

PAUL
Was he a pathologist or an expert in laboratory work having to do with human reproduction?

DOMPIERRE
He was just a technician.

PAUL
Wouldn't it have been better to have these slides worked up by a pathologist or an expert in this field?

DOMPIERRE
Yes, but the police were in a hurry and I knew this young fellow came on at seven in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
Wouldn't it have been especially better to wait for an expert if the possible question of rape hung on the result?

DOMPIERRE
It would have been.

PAUL
Now, Doctor, in the newspaper on the evening of August sixteen it was stated that you had found no evidence of rape. Is that true?

DOMPIERRE
It is not true. I made no such statement.

PAUL
Did you form an opinion about whether Mrs. Manion had been raped?

DOMPIERRE
No, sir.

PAUL
Why didn't you form an opinion?

DOMPIERRE
It's impossible to tell if a mature married woman has been raped.

PAUL
No further questions.

DANCER
Doctor, did you have an opinion about whether or not she had any recent relations with a man?

DOMPIERRE
Yes.

DANCER
State your opinion.

DOMPIERRE
Insofar as no sperm was present, it didn't appear that she had had recent relations with a man.

DANCER
That's all.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL
One more question, Doctor. That no evidence was present in her body does not mean she wasn't raped, does it?

DOMPIERRE
No.

PAUL
Do you know what constitutes rape under the law?

DOMPIERRE
Yes, sir. Violation is sufficient for rape. There need not be a completion.

PAUL
No more questions.

JUDGE WEAVER
Witness may step down.

DANCER
The People recall Alphonse Paquette to the stand.

Paquette comes forward.

JUDGE WEAVER
You're still under oath, Mr. Paquette.

Paquette goes to the witness box.

DANCER
Your Honor, since counsel for the defense has forced the question of rape, it becomes necessary to take this additional testimony from Mr. Paquette.
(to Paquette)
Mr. Paquette, will you take a look at Mrs. Manion, sitting there at the defense table? Was she dressed in this manner on the night of the shooting?

PAQUETTE
No.

DANCER
How was she dressed that night?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (4)

PAQUETTE
I recollect she had on a real tight skirt and a sweater-kind-of-thing sort of glued on. She was wearing a pair of red shoes with high heels...

DANCER
Was she wearing hose?

PAQUETTE
No, she was bare-legged.

DANCER
Was she wearing a hat?

PAQUETTE
No.

Three women on the jury, three nice respectable matrons, have gotten a pinched look about their faces.

DANCER
Mr. Paquette, what kind of hair does Mrs. Manion have under that hat?

PAUL
We'll be glad to show the Court Mrs. Manion's hair. Mrs. Manion, will you take off your hat, please?

Laura jerks her hat off, pulls a couple of hairpins and disdainfully shakes out her glamorous tresses.

DANCER
Thank you, Counselor. Mr. Paquette, was she wearing glasses that night?

PAQUETTE
I think she was when she played pinball.

DANCER
Considering the tight skirt and the tight sweater and the bare legs, what was the result in her appearance?

PAQUETTE
Well.....

DANCER
Would you say Mrs. Manion's appearance on that night was deliberately voluptuous and enticing?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (5)

PAQUETTE
Well, you could pretty much see everything she had.

PAUL
Your Honor, defense will concede that Mrs. Manion when dressed informally is an astonishingly beautiful woman. As a matter of fact, it's pretty easy to understand why her husband became temporarily deranged when he saw such beauty bruised and torn by a beast.

Judge Weaver blows his nose to keep from laughing.

DANCER
Your Honor, I protest. Mr. Biegler is perhaps the least disciplined and the most completely out-of-order attorney I've ever seen in a courtroom.

A laugh goes through the courtroom.

JUDGE WEAVER
(rapping)
Jury will ignore Mr. Biegler's oration.

DANCER
Was Mrs. Manion drinking heavily that night?

PAQUETTE
Well, I sold her six drinks myself and Barney came over and got some more for her. I don't remember how many.

DANCER
Would you say that Mrs. Manion was tight?

PAQUETTE
She was high all right.

DANCER
What did she do to make you think she was high?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (6)

PAQUETTE
She took off her shoes and went bare-footed and when she played pinball she would kind of swish around to give the machine english.

DANCER
You mean she was flipping her hips around?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

DANCER
Anything else?

PAQUETTE
When she'd made a good score she jumped up and down and squealed like women do.

DANCER
She was playing pinball with Barney Quill, wasn't she?

PAQUETTE
Yes sir.

DANCER
What was her attitude toward Barney Quill?

PAQUETTE
Friendly, I guess you could call it.

DANCER
More than friendly perhaps?

PAQUETTE
I thought so.

DANCER
Why did you think so?

PAQUETTE
She would kind of lean on him and a couple of times she bumped him with her hip.

At the defense table Manion is pale and strained. Laura holds her lip between her teeth.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (7)

DANCER
Would you say Mrs. Manion was making a play for Barney Quill?

PAUL
Objection. That calls for an assumption on the part of the witness, your honor.

DANCER
I withdraw the question. Would you say that Mrs. Manion was free and easy with Barney Quill?

PAQUETTE
I would.

DANCER
Your witness, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
(rising)
Mr. Paquette, the attorney for the People asked you if Mrs. Manion was tight and you said she was high. Speaking as a bartender, what is the distinction between the two?

PAQUETTE
I don't think I understand.

PAUL
When we say a person is tight we usually mean they're a little stupid with drink, isn't that right?

PAQUETTE
I guess that's about it, yes.

PAUL
But if they're high they're gay and enjoying themselves?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
So in other words, Mrs. Manion was happy. Now is there anything wrong with being happy in the Thunder Bay Inn?

PAQUETTE
No.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (8)

PAUL
Thunder Bay itself is a resort, isn't it? Swimming, fishing, that sort of thing.

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
Is it unusual to see a bare-footed woman in Thunder Bay?

PAQUETTE
No.

PAUL
So Mrs. Manion taking off her shoes in Thunder Bay doesn't necessarily mean that she was being unladylike, does it?

PAQUETTE
I guess not.

PAUL
Yes or no.

PAQUETTE
No.

PAUL
You testified that Mrs. Manion was squealing, jumping up and down and swishing her hips at the pinball machine. Was she creating a disturbance, was she attracting a crowd?

PAQUETTE
No.

PAUL
Were all of the men in the bar standing around watching Mrs. Manion?

PAQUETTE
No.

PAUL
But <u>you</u> were conscious of Mrs. Manion, enough so that you can tell us how she acted.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (9)

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
And certainly Barney Quill was conscious of Mrs. Manion, because he was playing pinball with her. Wouldn't you say so?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
So it seems that only you and Barney Quill were acutely aware of Mrs. Manion and her actions and appearance. Perhaps Barney, when he came to get some drinks, perhaps he winked and said, 'Alphonse, I'm going to take this babe out and rape her.'

PAQUETTE
(angry)
No, no he didn't!

PAUL
(boring in -- raising his voice)
And maybe you said, 'Do it once for me.'

The courtroom is rumbling.

DANCER
(shouting -- simultaneously with Paul)
Objection, objection. Those aren't questions. Counsel is attacking the witness.

PAUL
(contemptuously)
No more questions.

JUDGE WEAVER
(restoring order)
The Court has had about all of this dogfight it can take for one day. And I'm sure the jury is immensely confused, tired and hungry.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (10)

MITCH
Your Honor, that was the last of the People's witnesses.

JUDGE WEAVER
Very well, Mr. Lodwick. Tomorrow the defense will take over and, with expedition, prayer and a little self-discipline on part of counsel, perhaps we can reach an end by Saturday night. The Court stands adjourned until nine tomorrow morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 EXT. MAIDA'S CAR - RAINY NIGHT

SHOOTING through the windshield, wipers frantically swiping at the heavy rain, Parnell behind the wheel.

83 INT. MAIDA'S CAR - RAINY NIGHT

Parnell is in need of a shave and a clean shirt. He is dog-tired, trying to stay awake as he drives.

84 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Through the wet glass the road curves ahead.

85 CLOSE UP - PARNELL

His eyelids drooping and closing.

86 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A big truck comes barreling around the curve. The hood of Maida's car is wobbling into the center of the road.

87 CLOSE UP - PARNELL

The approaching lights of the truck flash in his face, awaken him from his doze and he turns the car back into its proper lane. The truck roars past, claxon horn SOUNDING angrily.

88 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The highway stretches straight ahead into the night. The windshield wipers slap in a deadly lullaby.

89 CLOSE UP - PARNELL

The SOUND of the wipers over -- his eyelids are drooping again and finally close.

90 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A curve ahead and a side road running straight off at the beginning of the curve. A barnyard gate closes the side road. A barn looms behind the gate. The hood of the car does not turn into the curve but rushes at the gate, crashes through.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheriff Battisfore and an INTERNE are talking quietly in the deserted dimly lighted corridor. The elevator door opens and Paul arrives in wet raincoat, hat dripping. He hurries to Battisfore and the Interne.

PAUL
How is he, Sheriff?

SHERIFF
The doctor here says he's all right.

INTERNE
(opening the door to a hospital room)
He's banged up a little but there doesn't seem to be anything else. We'd like to watch him for a day or so.

Paul, the Sheriff and the Interne enter the room.

92 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

There are several beds in the room and in one of them lies Parnell, a strip of bandage across his forehead, his eyes closed. Paul, the Sheriff and the Interne come into the room, halt before Parnell's bed -- speak in low tones.

PAUL
What's the damage?

SHERIFF
He wrecked a gate and a barn door -- and he hasn't got a driver's license. He'll have to appear in the JP Court when he's able. Old fool.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

PARNELL
(opening one eye)
Speak kindly of the dead.

PAUL
You mind if I have a minute with the corpse?

SHERIFF
Sure, Polly.

The Sheriff and the Interne leave.

PAUL
Was it worth trying to kill yourself for? -- whatever it is you've been up to?

PARNELL
How's the trial going?

PAUL
I'm making a lot of noise but Dancer's racking up the points. Come on - where've you been?

PARNELL
Quill hired Mary Pilant up north of the Soo. Struck me funny he'd go all the way up there just to hire somebody to work for him. I been up there nosing around.

PAUL
Find anything of use?

PARNELL
Not till I looked up her birth certificate. Born in Blind River, Ontario - 1934 - out of wedlock. Mother was a waitress named Simone Pilant. Father was a lumberjack - name - Barney Quill.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 INT. LOBBY - THUNDER BAY INN - RAINY NIGHT

It is very late. The lobby is deserted except for a young night PORTER. He's reading the sports page in the newspaper. Through the main entrance we see a car pull up outside and Paul, holding his hat against the wind and rain, gets out of the car, hurries up the steps to enter the lobby.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

PAUL
I'd like to see Miss Pilant.

PORTER
She's gone to bed, mister.

PAUL
It's important.

PORTER
Real important?

PAUL
Yes, real important.

The porter plugs into the small switchboard and buzzes several times.

PORTER
(into phone)
Miss Pilant? Sorry if I woke you up. There's a guy to see you. Says it's real important.
(to Paul)
What's your --

PAUL
Paul Biegler.

PORTER
(into phone)
Biegler ---------- okay.

He disconnects the plug.

PORTER
(continues; to Paul)
She says it's not important enough.

PAUL
Call her back. Tell her I mentioned Blind River, Ontario.

He leaves the desk, goes through the door which leads from the lobby to the barroom. Puzzled, the porter looks after him, plugs into the switchboard again.

94 INT. HOTEL BAR - RAINY NIGHT

Not many customers are here. The jukebox plays softly. Paul comes down the short flight of steps from the lobby, approaches the bar.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

Paquette, polishing a glass, sees Paul, stacks the glass on the back bar, moves warily down to meet the lawyer.

PAQUETTE
Drinking, Mr. Biegler, or just snooping?

PAUL
I'll try a little of both, Alphonse. Why don't we start with a beer.

Paquette draws a beer, places it before Paul.

PAQUETTE
On the house - and that's all you get - a beer. No questions - no answers. I got my belly full of you in the courtroom. When you've finished that - blow - and don't take too long about it.

PAUL
As long as this is on the house how about that much of rye to go with it?

Paquette glares at Paul, snaps a bottle off the back shelf, slides a shot glass next to Paul's beer and pours.

PAUL
(continuing)
I'm just a lawyer doing my job. What are you so afraid of, Al?

He tosses off the drink, takes a sip of beer. Paquette watches him with glum anger. Paquette's eyes are drawn to a point behind Paul. Paul turns. Mary Pilant, dressed in skirt and a coat-sweater, has just entered the bar from the lobby. Her face is pale and concerned. She approaches Paul, waits for him to speak.

PAUL
Could we have some privacy?

Silently she leads the way to the far table by the window and the door leading to the outside. Paquette watches them anxiously.

Paul draws a chair out for Mary and sits beside her.

PAUL
(continues)
I owe you an apology, Miss Pilant. I was a little rough when I was here before. I didn't know Mr. Quill was your father.

MARY
How did you find that out?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
Friend of mine did a bit of what Al there would call snooping. Oh, could I buy you a drink?

MARY
It's a long drive from Iron City in this kind of a night, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
You mean why am I here?

MARY
You didn't come just to apologize.

PAUL
No - no - but the apology was part of it. Tell you the truth I thought it might thaw you out just a little. Now all I want you to do, Miss Pilant, is listen for just a few minutes. I need some strong evidence to back up Laura Manion's story about the rape. The prosecution is going to attack that story pretty hard - and if the jury thinks she's lying it could turn their decision against Manion.

MARY
Well, isn't she lying? Barney didn't do what she said he did. He couldn't have.

PAUL
What did you know about your father?

MARY
All I needed to know - that he took care of me - and of my mother - for as long as she lived. He would have married her, but he was already married. When he finally got a divorce it was too late, but he was always there when I needed him. Now that's what I know about my father, Mr. Biegler. Will that - as you say - back up Laura Manion's story?

PAUL
Miss Pilant, I'm not trying to get at you or hurt you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL (cont'd)
I appreciate your affection for your father -- but as a lawyer I have had to learn that people are not just good or just bad, but many things - and I think maybe Barney Quill was many things ---

MARY
I don't want...

PAUL
Now just - hear me out, please. I believe that Barney told Al Paquette what happened that night and sent Al to the window here to watch out for Manion - while he stood by by one of his gun racks - waiting. Manion came in and fired almost the moment he entered the door and that first shot went right through Barney's heart. All I want is for you to try and persuade Al to come into court as a defense witness and tell the court what Barney told him - that he had raped and assaulted Mrs. Manion.

MARY
Al wouldn't conceal that. Why wouldn't he tell it if it were true?

PAUL
Everybody loves something or someone. Me, I love fishing and an old guy named Parnell. Manion loves his freedom - he'd like more of it. Barney loved you -- and maybe so does Al. I wouldn't blame him. He doesn't want you to know the truth about Barney...that he could be brutal and dangerous. But if you ask Al -- *straight out* --

She stares at Paul for a long time -- then calls:

MARY
Al.

Behind the bar, darkly watching the table where Mary and Paul sit, Paquette motions for a waitress to take over the bar and he goes slowly to Mary.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (4)

MARY
(continues)
Al, Mr. Biegler knows Barney was my father and he thinks you know something about the night my father was killed - something you won't tell.

AL
Lawyer, I told you once and I'll tell you again. No questions, no answers.

MARY
Wait, Al. Did my father rape Mrs. Manion?

AL
Barney wouldn't hurt a woman. He was a good guy - just like you thought.

MARY
Is there any reason you wouldn't tell me the truth, Al?

AL
(a queer pause)
What reason?

MARY
Anything else, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
(rises - puts on the wet hat)
I'll leave a pass for you and Al at the trial. You might like to watch Lt. Manion get convicted.

He goes to the door.

AL
You going to spread it around about Mary being Barney's kid?

PAUL
(he's tired)
No, Al. I'm not going to spread it around. Good night, Miss Pilant.

He goes. Paquette moves to the window, looking after Paul as he disappears into the wet night. Mary remains at the table - still and thoughtful.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 COURTROOM - DAY

Manion is on the stand. He is cool, straight-forward, at ease, and alert. Paul is questioning.

PAUL
Now let's get at that rosary thing. It has been testified that your wife swore to you on a rosary that she had been raped by Barney Quill. Did you ask her to swear on a rosary?

MANION
My wife was hysterical and wasn't making much sense. I thought if I asked her to take an oath on the rosary it might serve to calm her and make her think clearly.

PAUL
Did the rosary help?

MANION
She was able to tell me in detail what had happened.

PAUL
Now go on from here. What did you do then, Lieutenant?

MANION
I had her lie on the bed and I got some cold cloths for her head and -- oh yes, I gave her a drink of brandy. After a while she became quiet and seemed to go to sleep. Then I went to the closet and got my gun and loaded it.

PAUL
Was it in your mind to kill Barney Quill?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

MANION
No.

PAUL
Why did you get your gun and load it?

MANION
I knew I had to go to Quill's bar and I thought I might need it.

PAUL
Why?

MANION
I knew Mr. Quill kept guns behind the bar. I was afraid he might shoot me.

PAUL
Might shoot you if you did what? What were you going to do?

MANION
I'm not sure. I remember I had some idea of finding him and holding him while I called the police.

PAUL
But Mr. Lemon right in the tourist park was a deputy sheriff. Why didn't you get him to go with you?

MANION
I don't know why I didn't think of Mr. Lemon. Maybe because he always seemed to be nothing except the old caretaker of the park. Maybe because I wasn't thinking too clearly about anything -- except finding Barney Quill.

PAUL
Why didn't you go to the telephone and call the State Police before you went to the bar?

MANION
I don't know why. I was in sort of a daze. It was an awful thing to see what had been done to my wife.

PAUL
You say you were in a daze. When you got to the bar -- did you see that the bar was crowded?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION
I don't remember anyone at that bar except Barney Quill. He was the only person I saw.

PAUL
What was he doing?

MANION
I think he was just standing behind the bar.

PAUL
Did he make a threatening move to reach for a gun?

MANION
I don't know. He might have, but I don't know.

PAUL
Now since you went there to find him and hold him for the police, why did you shoot him?

MANION
I don't remember shooting him.

PAUL
As you left the bar, do you remember Alphonse Paquette stopping you and saying you'd better not run away from this? -- and your reply -- 'Do you want some, too, Buster?'

MANION
I seem to have a vague recollection of someone speaking to me but I don't remember what I said or what was said to me.

PAUL
Do you remember going home?

MANION
Not clearly.

PAUL
When did you realize you had shot Quill?

MANION
I was getting a drink of water.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

MANION (cont'd)
I remember my throat was so dry that it hurt. When I put the glass down I saw the gun on the kitchen sink beside the tap. I noticed the gun was empty.

Paul takes the Luger from the table, hands it to Manion.

PAUL
Will you please show the Court how you knew the gun was empty?

MANION
(demonstrating on the Luger)
This gadget here. When it sticks up you know the last round has been fired.

PAUL
Lieutenant Manion, on the night of the shooting did you love your wife?

MANION
Yessir.

PAUL
Do you still love her?

MANION
Very much.

Laura's face as she watches Manion is without emotion.

PAUL
Your witness, Mr. Dancer.

Dancer comes over slowly, twisting a ring on his finger, stands smiling at Manion. Manion faces him calmly.

DANCER
Lieutenant Manion, how many men have you killed?

PAUL
Now wait a minute. Your honor, a man's war record -- in Lieutenant Manion's case a great record -- certainly should not be used against him.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4)

DANCER
Your honor, I'm as patriotic as the next man but the simple truth is that war can condition a man to killing other men. I only wish to determine how conditioned the lieutenant may be to the use of fire arms on another human being.

JUDGE WEAVER
I don't approve of the question, Mr. Biegler, but on the other hand I don't see how I can turn it down. Let's see what Mr. Dancer is going to do with the information. Take the answer.

MANION
I know I killed at least four men in Korea. Three of them with a hand grenade and one with my service automatic. I may have killed others. A soldier doesn't always know.

DANCER
Now Lieutenant, in these acts of killing, did you ever have a lapse of memory such as you had when you killed Barney Quill?

MANION
No sir.

DANCER
Did you ever have a lapse of memory during battle?

MANION
No sir.

DANCER
Were you ever submitted to a constant barrage, constantly in a sweat for many hours, constantly under attack or attacking?

MANION
Many times.

DANCER
Were you ever treated for shell shock, battle fatigue or any war neurosis or psychosis?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (5)

MANION
No.

DANCER
Did you ever experience an unusual mental state during the war?

MANION
I do remember having one great urge.

DANCER
What was that?

MANION
To get the hell out and go home.

The laughter comes.

JUDGE WEAVER
(rapping for silence)
The defendant will confine himself to the seriousness of his present situation.

MANION
I'm sorry, your honor.

Dancer has taken the joke with good humor.

DANCER
I sympathize with the Lieutenant. I expect he has the same feeling about being in jail. The main point here, Lieutenant, is that in all of your war service you had no record of mental disturbance? You were at all times in possession of your faculties?

MANION
Yessir. That's right.

DANCER
No more questions.

A BUZZ goes through the courtroom. Was this all that Dancer was going to do? Paul, puzzled, watches Dancer return to the prosecution table.

PAUL
No re-direct, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (6)

JUDGE WEAVER
You may step down, Lieutenant. Call your next witness please.

PAUL
We call Laura Manion to the stand.

Manion hurries to sit beside Paul.

MANION
(whispering)
I thought you said he'd skin me alive.

PAUL
Wait.

Nervously, hands gripping her purse, Laura is sworn.

96 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - DAY

Mary Pilant enters the Courthouse, comes into the rotunda, hesitates with uncertainty at the bottom of the stairs, then goes up.

97 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Laura is on the stand, Paul questioning. As Laura talks, in the back of the courtroom Mary enters. The Deputy inside the door shows her to a space on a spectator bench. Paul sees Mary enter, follows her with curious eyes as she is seated.

PAUL
How long after you told your husband what had happened did he leave the trailer?

LAURA
I don't know exactly. Everything was kind of fuzzy. I was faint and I lay down on the bed and he sat beside me. I vaguely remember his getting up and going out. I remember wondering if he was going for a doctor and then he came back in. It seemed just a few seconds but it must've been longer -- I must've gone to sleep. When he came back in and sat on the bed he had a gun in his hand and I said, 'What are you going to do?' And he said, 'I think I've already done it. I think I've killed Barney Quill.'

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Are you sure he didn't say, 'I've killed Barney Quill?'

LAURA
No. I remember distinctly. 'I <u>think</u> I've killed Barney Quill.'

PAUL
Now what did you do?

LAURA
I put my arms around him and began to cry and I said, 'You'd better go to Mr. Lemon' and my husband said, 'I forgot about that.'

PAUL
What did he mean -- forgot about what?

LAURA
He meant he'd forgotten that Mr. Lemon was a Deputy Sheriff and he said, 'Yes, I'll go turn myself in to Mr. Lemon.'

PAUL
Your honor, I have no other direct questions at this time. But since I'm sure the credulity of the Court has been strained about the part the little dog played on this night, I should like a few minutes to show the Court this remarkable little animal.

JUDGE WEAVER
Do the People have objections?

DANCER
I know if we raise an objection Mr. Biegler will declare that we are haters of all small furry animals. And I must also admit I'm curious to see this dog which leads the way home for ladies in distress.

JUDGE WEAVER
(wearily)
A creature that cannot talk will be a welcome relief. Produce the dog.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
(turns to the rear of
the courtroom)
Will the Deputy bring in the dog please?

The Deputy Sheriff at the main doors goes outside for a moment. Paul moves his gaze to Mary. Their eyes meet and she looks away. The Deputy re-enters, carrying a traveling case for a dog.

PAUL
(continues)
Just let the dog out there.

The Deputy puts the case on the floor and opens its door. Muff bounces out.

PAUL
(continues; calling)
Come on, Muff.

The little dog scampers down the aisle and bounds into Paul's arms.

PAUL
(continues)
Now I'll ask Mrs. Manion to give the
dog a flashlight.

Laura steps down from the box and takes a small flashlight from her purse. Paul places the dog on the floor and the dog runs to Laura, romping in delight as he sees the flashlight.

LAURA
Hello, baby -- hello, sweetie. Does
sweetie want the flashlight?

PAUL
I'd like the Court to notice that the
dog will turn the light on.

Laura puts the flashlight on the floor and Muff paws at it, seizes it in his mouth, his teeth over the switch. The light goes on. A ripple of amusement and approval from the jury which swells to laughter as Muff runs to Dancer with the light, stands up with his paws on Dancer's leg. Judge Weaver raps for silence.

PAUL
(continues)
It's easy to see that Muff doesn't
know who his enemies are.

Another laugh from the courtroom. Judge Weaver raps again.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE WEAVER
Remove the dog please. Witness will return to the stand.

Sheriff Battisfore gathers up Muff, returns him to the Deputy as Laura steps into the witness box and Dancer moves in for the cross-examination. Dancer smiles and makes a little bow.

DANCER
Mrs. Manion, may I compliment you on your well-trained pet.

Laura smiles, a timid grateful smile -- somewhat disarmed.

DANCER
(continues)
May I also say I'm pleased to see you are not today hiding your lovely hair under a hat.

PAUL
Your honor, is the assistant-attorney general from Lansing pitching woo or is he going to cross-examine.

A laugh from the courtroom which does not disturb the imperturbable Dancer.

JUDGE WEAVER
(rapping)
Let's get on with it.

DANCER
Mrs. Manion, what was your occupation before you were married to the Lieutenant?

LAURA
Housewife.

DANCER
You mean you were married before?

LAURA
Yes, once.

DANCER
I suppose your first husband died?

LAURA
No.

DANCER
Did you divorce your first husband for Lieutenant Manion?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL
Your honor, if counsel wants to know the grounds for Mrs. Manion's divorce -- let him ask that question.

DANCER
What were the grounds for divorce, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
Mental cruelty.

DANCER
Naturally. How long was it after your divorce that you married Lieutenant Manion?

LAURA
I'm -- I'm not sure.

PAUL
(quickly)
May I refresh the witness's memory for Mr. Dancer?

DANCER
By all means.

PAUL
I believe she told me that they were married three days after the divorce.

Laura and Paul have locked eyes. He is deliberately showing her that she must not be evasive. Dancer looks from one to the other, grasping the situation.

DANCER
Thank you, Mr. Biegler. Is that correct, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
(a murmur)
Yes.

DANCER
Then unless yours was a whirlwind courtship you must have known Lieutenant Manion before your divorce. Did you?

LAURA
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (5)

On the jury a couple of women exchange significant looks.

DANCER
What is your religious affiliation, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
I'm a Catholic.

DANCER
A Catholic in good standing?

LAURA
Well, no -- the divorce -- you know.

DANCER
You mean you have been ex-communicated because of the divorce?

LAURA
Yes.

DANCER
Mrs. Manion, wouldn't you say that a Catholic who can blithely ignore a cardinal rule of her church can also easily ignore an oath taken on one of its artifacts -- say an oath taken on a rosary?

LAURA
I don't think that's true.

DANCER
But wouldn't you think there'd be some doubt about the integrity of such a person?

LAURA
I don't know. All I know is the rosary means something to me.

DANCER
(smoothly)
I see. Well, I'll pass on to something else.

The ANGLE of the CAMERA is such that we can see that Dancer has blocked Paul's view of Laura. Paul moves to another chair at the counsel table. As Dancer continues he steps around to again obscure Paul's view of Laura.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (6)

DANCER
Mrs. Manion, you've testified that your husband was late in coming home from his work on the night of the shooting. Were you angry about his being late?

LAURA
I guess I was a little put out.

DANCER
Did you have an argument?

LAURA
Not much. A little.

DANCER
When you left the trailer to go to the Inn, did your husband know that you were leaving?

LAURA
He was asleep.

DANCER
Was part of your reason for going to the Inn without his knowledge because you were vexed?

LAURA
Well, I'd been ironing all day and -- yes, I guess that's true.

PAUL
Your honor, may the record show that counsel has deliberately cut off my view of the witness.

DANCER
(smoothly)
I'm sorry, Mr. Biegler. I wouldn't want to interfere with your signals to Mrs. Manion.

PAUL
(angrily)
I further object to the implication that I'm signaling the witness. This is the shabbiest courtroom trick I've ever seen.

DANCER
You haven't lived, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL
Your honor, I ask that the Court rule on my objection.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Dancer, will you be careful not to place yourself between Mr. Biegler and his witness?

DANCER
Of course, your honor.
(he moves out of the way)
Anything else, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
You do it once again and I'll punt you all the way out into the middle of Lake Superior.

JUDGE WEAVER
(banging his gavel)
This back-biting has got to stop. The next one of you that speaks out of turn is going to have me to deal with. Now get on with the cross-examination.

The courtroom becomes quiet and Dancer continues.

DANCER
Would you have gone to the Inn if your husband had been awake?

LAURA
He would probably have gone with me.

DANCER
But would you have gone alone?

LAURA
Well, not if he didn't want me to.

DANCER
Would he have not wanted you to?

LAURA
I'm not sure. I don't know how to answer that.

DANCER
Had you ever gone before to the Thunder Bay Inn or elsewhere in Thunder Bay at night -- alone?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (8)

LAURA
Yes. Sometimes.

DANCER
Did your husband know you were going?

LAURA
Not always. He goes to sleep early and sometimes I'm restless.

DANCER
Where did you go on these occasions?

LAURA
I took a walk by the lake or I went to the bingo place or maybe to the Inn.

DANCER
Did you ever go to meet another man?

LAURA
No. No I did not. I never did that.

DANCER
Do you mean to say, Mrs. Manion, that a lovely woman like yourself, attractive to men, lonely, restless -- that you never...

PAUL
Objection, your honor. The witness answered the question about other men. Counsel is now making a veiled suggestion for the jury.

DANCER
I withdraw the question. Now Mrs. Manion, on these occasional excursions into the night, did you always go and return alone?

LAURA
Of course.

DANCER
But Mrs. Manion, you testified that you got into Barney Quill's car because you were afraid to go home alone. Why were you so frightened on that particular night?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (9)

LAURA
I said it was because he told me that bears had been seen around.

DANCER
Was this the first time you'd heard of bears coming around Thunder Bay to pick up scraps?

LAURA
No.

DANCER
Had you seen the bears around before?

LAURA
Yes.

DANCER
Then this was just the first time that you were afraid of them?

LAURA
No. I was always afraid of them.

DANCER
Then this was the first time you were enough afraid to allow a man to take you home from one of your evening prowls?

PAUL
Objection. The use of the word 'prowl' is intended to mislead the jury.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained. Ask the question again, Mr. Dancer.

DANCER
I'm sorry, Mrs. Manion, I didn't mean to imply that you were a huntress -- so let's say, "evening walks." Was this the first time you were frightened enough to let someone take you home from an evening walk?

LAURA
But it wasn't just that -- it was a sort of --

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (10)

DANCER
Come, Mrs. Manion, you should be able to tell us that straight off. It's a simple enough question.

Laura is pale and shaky. She dabs at her lips and forehead with her handkerchief.

PAUL
Your honor, how can the witness answer straight off if the counsel interrupts her answer?!

JUDGE WEAVER
Witness seemed rather slow to me, Mr. Biegler. However, I'd let the witness complete a statement if she can, Mr. Dancer, before you interrupt.

DANCER
Of course, your honor. In any case, Mr. Biegler's objection has given Mrs. Manion sufficient time to think of an answer to my question. You've thought of one, haven't you, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
What I was going to say is that I didn't want to offend Mr. Quill by making him think I was afraid of him or didn't like him. He had been very pleasant to my husband and me when we were in his bar.

DANCER
That's very good, Mrs. Manion, very good indeed.

PAUL
Your honor...

JUDGE WEAVER
Attorney for the People will save his comments for the arguments.

DANCER
I will ask you this question, Mrs. Manion...
(slowly)
...Was this the first time you had been in Barney Quill's car at night?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (11)

Laura's nervous gaze is quickly fastened on Manion, frightened of his tight lips and cold eyes.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mrs. Manion, did you hear the question?

LAURA
(looking down at her hands)
Yes, I heard. Yes, it was the first time.

Dancer looks at the jury. Their attention is hard on Laura, their faces a study of the questions in their minds --

One man frowns with puzzlement -- another's lips are pursed -- another is scratching his chin, a woman's head is turned in askance, her ear to the witness -- another peers out over his spectacles.

DANCER
Would you raise your voice a little, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
I said it was the first time.

98 CLOSE UP OF MANION

bleak, eyes glittering cruelly.

99 COURTROOM

DANCER
(changing pace)
Now Mrs. Manion, I'm quite concerned about the lost panties. Would you describe this article of clothing to the Court?

LAURA
They were nylon and had lace up the side. There was a label of the shop where I bought them -- Smartshop in Phoenix, Arizona.

DANCER
What was the color of the panties?

LAURA
I believe white.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

DANCER
You believe?

LAURA
I have white and pink -- they may have been pink.

DANCER
You're not sure? Haven't you checked your lingerie wardrobe to see which pair of panties is missing?

LAURA
No.

DANCER
When your husband came home from work and you had this little spat, were you already dressed to go out?

LAURA
No.

DANCER
When did you dress?

LAURA
After dinner. After he was asleep.

DANCER
It has been stated here that you were bare-legged in the bar. Is that true?

LAURA
Yes.

DANCER
In your anger at your husband and your haste to get out of the trailer, perhaps you didn't put on any panties, either?

PAUL
Objection. Witness has already testified as to what she was wearing.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained.

100 CLOSE UP OF MARY PILANT

Her face pale and composed, but her eyes are wide with a secret fear, or knowledge.

101 COURTROOM

DANCER
Do you always wear panties, Mrs. Manion?

Laura glances helplessly at Paul.

PAUL
Your honor, I object to this line of questioning. It's immaterial what Mrs. Manion does all the time. On the night she was attacked she was wearing panties. That's all we're concerned with.

DANCER
Your honor, Mrs. Manion seems uncertain about what kind of panties she was wearing and since these panties have not been found I submit that it's possible she wasn't wearing any and has forgotten. That's what I'm trying to get at.

JUDGE WEAVER
Take the answer, Mrs. Manion.

DANCER
Do you always wear panties?

LAURA
(on the verge of tears)
No.

DANCER
On what occasions don't you wear them? -- when you go out alone at night?

PAUL
(angry)
Your honor, we've been had. He says he's after one thing and he goes for another.

JUDGE WEAVER
I'll sustain the objection. Strike the last two questions and Mrs. Manion's answer. Now get off the subject of panties, Mr. Dancer. You've done enough damage.

DANCER
Yes, your honor. Is your husband a jealous man, Mrs. Manion?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

Maida glances quickly at Paul who is terribly still, held in suspense.

LAURA
Well, he -- he loves me.

DANCER
I'm sure of that. But is he excessively jealous?

PAUL
How can the witness answer that, your honor? What is the norm of jealousy?

JUDGE WEAVER
Can you put your question in another way, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER
Has your husband ever struck you in a jealous rage, Mrs. Manion?

PAUL
Your honor, I think Mr. Dancer is fishing. What is the relevancy of this question?

DANCER
Your honor, the shoe is squeezing Mr. Biegler's foot. In his own words, this is not a high school debate, it's a cross-examination in a murder trial.

JUDGE WEAVER
Can you nail your questions down a little more, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER
I believe so, your honor. Mrs. Manion, did you ever go out socially in Thunder Bay?

LAURA
Yes, a few times.

DANCER
When your husband's outfit moved into Thunder Bay, didn't Barney Quill throw a cocktail party for the officers and their wives?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA
Yes.

DANCER
Did your husband strike a young second Lieutenant at the party?

LAURA
There was a little scuffle. It wasn't much.

DANCER
What was it about?

LAURA
I'm not sure I remember.

DANCER
Were you too drunk to remember?

LAURA
No, I was not. I think the Lieutenant was cutting in too much when I was dancing with my husband.

DANCER
And shortly afterward didn't your husband on the veranda of the Inn slap you hard enough that you fell against the wall?

LAURA
He was drinking.

DANCER
Wasn't this a jealous rage?

LAURA
I don't know.

DANCER
Do you remember why he struck you?

LAURA
Well, yes.

DANCER
Wasn't he enraged at you because he thought you had encouraged this young lieutenant?

LAURA
He might have thought so.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

DANCER
Mrs. Manion, there are witnesses to this whole affair. I'll ask you again -- wasn't this jealous rage?

LAURA
I suppose it could be called that.

DANCER
(boring in)
Now I'll ask you -- on the night of the shooting, what did you swear, what oath did you take on the rosary?

LAURA
It was about Barney Quill raping me.

DANCER
Why did you swear on the rosary that he had raped you?

LAURA
For the reason that my husband said -- I was hysterical.

DANCER
That was the reason he gave for asking you to swear. What was your reason for swearing?

LAURA
(blindly)
So he'd believe me.

Paul's face is anxious. Dancer's getting close. Laura is frightened.

DANCER
Why shouldn't he believe you?

PAUL
Objection, your honor. The reason for the use of the rosary has been established. These questions are immaterial.

JUDGE WEAVER
No, I think I'll take the answer, Mr. Biegler.

DANCER
I ask you again, Mrs. Manion -- why shouldn't he believe you?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA
I guess -- I guess because I wasn't making sense.

DANCER
Did he think you were lying about a thing like that?

PAUL
Objection. Lieutenant Manion has already testified as to what he thought.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained.

DANCER
(suddenly)
Did your husband strike you that night?

Laura is unable to answer -- her lips moving without sound.

DANCER
Did he hit you that night?

LAURA
He -- when -- he might have slapped me because I was hysterical.

DANCER
And didn't you swear to a lie to keep him from hitting you again?

LAURA
No -- I didn't -- I did not.

DANCER
(driving)
Hadn't he already beat you up at the gate when he caught you coming home from a trip down lovers' lane with Barney Quill?

Paul is on his feet before Dancer is done, his voice coming in behind Dancer's, Dancer raising his voice to complete the question.

PAUL
(shouting)
Objection. The witness has testified that she was beaten by Barney Quill.

The courtroom is rumbling. Judge Weaver raps for silence.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (5)

DANCER
No more questions.

Laura bursts into tears.

PAUL
I think the witness has had enough, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
The witness may step down. We will recess until after lunch.

He raps his gavel and steps down from the bench toward his chambers. In the flash of photographers' bulbs and hubbub in the courtroom Laura comes down from the stand. Manion is quickly beside her, his arms around her.

MANION
(whispering)
I'm sorry, baby.

Maida has come into the enclosure.

PAUL
Maida, take Mrs. Manion to the house and let her rest.

Manion kisses Laura on the cheek.

MANION
It's all over now.

LAURA
Did I do all right?

PAUL
You did fine.

SHERIFF
Come on, Lieutenant. Let's see what Sulo has for us.

Manion goes with the Sheriff, Laura with Maida through the door of the lawyers' conference room. Paul gets his hat from the table and starts up the aisle to the main doors of the courtroom. The courtroom is emptying and Mary is isolated among the empty benches. Paul moves toward her. Nervously she rises, and avoiding him, hurries to join the throng leaving the courtroom. Paul holds, looking after her with curiosity.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 EXT. IRON CITY RAILROAD STATION - DAY

Parnell is on the platform as the train is pulling in. He is bandaged a little and hobbling. When the train stops, a woman and two children get off, a YOUNG MAN with a stubby nose and a crewcut gets off, an elderly couple follows and then a middle-aged DISTINGUISHED LOOKING MAN with a neat, greying moustache and wearing a Homburg hat. Parnell's face lights up and he approaches the distinguished middle-aged man.

PARNELL
Dr. Smith?

DISTINGUISHED MAN
Pardon?

PARNELL
I've come to meet you -- My name is --

DISTINGUISHED MAN
(cutting him off)
I'm sorry. You made a mistake.

The man moves on and the kid with the stubby nose and the crewcut approaches Parnell.

SMITH
Maybe I'm the one you're looking for.
Are you Mr. Biegler?

PARNELL
(in disbelief)
No. No, I'm his associate in the case.
Don't tell me you're Dr. Smith?

SMITH
That's me.

PARNELL
(in disbelief)
The -- army -- psychiatrist?

SMITH
Maybe you expected me to be in uniform?

PARNELL
No -- sure -- well, I didn't expect
anybody so young.

SMITH
I'm forty.

PARNELL
I sort of hoped you'd have a beard
and wear a monocle.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

SMITH
Oh, I see.

He takes out a pair of heavy horn-rimmed glasses and slips them on.

SMITH
(continues; grinning)
That better?

PARNELL
(grins)
It helps. Well, we'd better shove along.

Parnell takes the doctor's small overnight bag and they walk away down the platform.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dr. Smith, in his horn-rimmed glasses, is on the stand. Parnell with Maida on the spectator's bench behind defense table. Paul is interrogating.

PAUL
Doctor, have you formed an opinion, as to Frederick Manion's emotional disorganization at the time he killed Barney Quill?

SMITH
I have.

PAUL
What is that opinion?

SMITH
He was temporarily insane at the time of the shooting.

PAUL
At the time of the shooting do you believe that he was able to distinguish right from wrong?

SMITH
He may or may not have been. It doesn't make too much difference.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Now doctor, as clearly as you can, will you explain Frederick Manion's temporary insanity?

SMITH
It is known as dissociative reaction. A psychic shock which creates an almost overwhelming tension which the person in shock must alleviate. In Lieutenant Manion's case, a soldier, it is natural that he would turn to action. Only direct simple action against Barney Quill would relieve this unbearable tension. This is not too uncommon. For example in combat -- in war I mean -- some of the more remarkable heroics take place in this state of mind. Soldiers who have performed fantastically brave acts are frequently unable to recall having performed those acts because they were at the time in the grip of dissociative reaction.

PAUL
Is there another name for dissociative reaction, one we are more likely to recognize?

SMITH
Yes. It has been known as 'irresistible impulse.'

Paul glances toward the prosecution table. Dancer and Mitch are in a whispering huddle. Paul half-grins.

PAUL
Now doctor, a man in the grip of irresistible impulse -- would he be likely to go to a neighbor for advice, would he call the police to come to his aid?

SMITH
Completely incompatible. In this trance-like state he would be unable to think of anything except the relief of this massive tension.

PAUL
But our man was able to think of taking out a gun and loading it before he set off to find Barney Quill.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL (cont'd)
He testified that he got the gun because he was afraid Quill would shoot him. If he was in a trance-like state, how do you explain this?

SMITH
That was his conscious mind working -- but if no gun had been available he would have gone anyway -- bare-handed -- he would have walked into the mouth of a cannon. It's important to understand that the very essence of his manhood was at stake. Nothing short of oblivion or death could have prevailed against his overpowering need.

PAUL
Would this tension interfere with his physical ability? -- say his ability to accurately fire a gun?

SMITH
It probably would have heightened his ability.

PAUL
How would a man look when in the grip of dissociative reaction?

SMITH
He might appear to be deadly calm -- fiercely deliberate.

PAUL
Could you describe his behavior as being like a mailman delivering the mail?

SMITH
That's not bad. Like a mailman, he would have one job to do and he would do it.

PAUL
Would a man in this state be apt to converse with other men?

SMITH
It's possible, although he wouldn't likely initiate conversation.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL
Do you mean that if someone stopped him and spoke to him he might answer but he wouldn't be likely to speak first?

SMITH
Not likely --

PAUL
Your witness.

Dancer rises. During his first few questions Paul is surveying the courtroom -- then bends to Maida and whispers --

PAUL
Can you spot Mary Pilant?

MAIDA
She didn't come back after lunch. You'd better give up on that one.

Between Dancer and Smith...

DANCER
Doctor, did you find any psychosis in Frederick Manion?

SMITH
I did not.

DANCER
Any neuroses?

SMITH
I found no history of neuroses.

DANCER
Did you find any history of delusion?

SMITH
None.

DANCER
Loss of memory?

SMITH
Not before this instance.

DANCER
How about hallucinations?

SMITH
No.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (4)

DANCER
Any history of conversion hysteria?

SMITH
Well, irresistible impulse embraces what has been called conversion hysteria.

DANCER
In common language isn't conversion hysteria also known as a fit of temper?

SMITH
I know of no reputable psychiatrist who would so describe it.

DANCER
But a layman might call it that?

SMITH
Probably, yes.

DANCER
Isn't that what really happened? In a fit of temper -- in a fit of rage, the Lieutenant walked over and shot Barney Quill.

SMITH
No, not in my opinion. That is not what happened.

DANCER
Doctor, you stated that the Lieutenant might or might not have been able to distinguish right from wrong -- but that it didn't make much difference. Am I right? Is that what you said?

SMITH
Approximately -- yes.

DANCER
Did you mean that at the time of the shooting he could have known the difference between right and wrong?

SMITH
He might have, yes.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (5)

DANCER
Doctor Smith, if the defendant could have known what he was doing and could have known that it was wrong, how can you come here and testify that he was legally insane?

SMITH
I'm not saying he was legally insane. I'm a doctor, not a lawyer. I'm saying that in his mental condition it would not have made any difference whether he knew right from wrong -- he would still have shot Quill. He could not have prevented himself from doing so.

DANCER
In other words, what he did he did willfully and in anger?

SMITH
The words 'anger' and 'willful' are an immense simplification of a very complicated mental condition. I repeat, Lieutenant Manion was temporarily insane.

DANCER
Are you willing to rest your testimony in this case on this opinion?

SMITH
I am.

DANCER
(looking at Paul, puzzled)
Your honor, I would like to ask for a short recess. The attorneys for the People would like to meet with Mr. Biegler and the Court in chambers.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
Glad to oblige, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Court will stand in recess for ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (6)

He steps down from the bench toward his chambers, followed by Paul, Dancer and Mitch. Paul is carrying the lawbook which he has kept on the defense table, the same book in which he deposited the fishing lure earlier in the case.

104 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The Judge enters, followed by Paul, Dancer and Mitch. Judge Weaver goes directly to his desk, seizes his pipe and begins to stuff it.

JUDGE WEAVER
One day I'm going to horrify tradition and lay a blue pall of good Virginia burley on that hallowed precinct out there.
(he gets his pipe lighted)
All right, Mr. Dancer.

DANCER
I thought perhaps in view of Dr. Smith's testimony the defense might like to change their plea.

PAUL
Change it to what?

DANCER
To guilty, of course.

PAUL
No, we'll still go for broke.

MITCH
Hell, Polly, you know a guy's not considered legally nuts in Michigan unless he didn't know right from wrong. Why don't you come on and end this thing?

PAUL
(placing his lawbook before Judge Weaver)
Judge, would you open that to page 106.

MITCH
What's that?

JUDGE WEAVER
It appears to be a lawbook, Mr. Lodwick.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

Judge Weaver pulls down his glasses, opens the book to the right page -- glances at Paul expectantly, and picks the red flannel fishing lure off the open page.

PAUL
(reaching for the lure)
Oh -- sorry, Your Honor. I make those things to help me think sometimes.

JUDGE WEAVER
(inspects the lure)
For perch?

PAUL
No, sir -- frogs.

MITCH
(impatiently)
What case is he citing, Judge?

JUDGE WEAVER
(absorbed by lure)
We gig frogs in my part of the country.

PAUL
(demonstrating as he talks)
Yessir, up here, too - but this is a new wrinkle I'm going to try. They do it in the bayous down south. You use a long pole with a ten pound line and sort of drift along a high bank in the boat.

Mitch turns away in impatient disgust; Dancer is amused.

PAUL
(continues)
You see a big bull sitting back in a crevice. You swing this out and kind of let it float in front of him -- and POP -- that old tongue of his will snap out and you got frog legs for supper.

JUDGE WEAVER
I'll be darned.

PAUL
Keep it and try it sometime.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE WEAVER
Thanks. I will.
(he's suddenly reminded of the business at hand)
Oh -- yes, page 106 I believe you said.

He bends over the book and reads slowly. Mitch comes back to the desk and hovers over the Judge.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues; finally)
Hummp!

MITCH
What is it, Your Honor?

JUDGE WEAVER
Precedent. People versus Durfee -- year 1886. Would you like to read it, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER
No, Your Honor. We're hooked -- like the frog.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DR. W. GREGORY HARCOURT is being sworn. Now he takes the witness stand. Dancer rises to examine.

DANCER
Dr. Harcourt, where did you receive your university training?

HARCOURT
Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, Maryland.

DANCER
When were you admitted to the practice of medicine?

HARCOURT
1924.

DANCER
Since that time have you specialized in any particular field of medicine?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

HARCOURT
I have -- the field of psychiatry.

DANCER
Where do you practice now?

HARCOURT
I am the medical superintendent of the Bonder State Hospital for the insane. I am also psychiatric examiner for the Veterans' Administration.

DANCER
Do you then feel that you have particular knowledge of the mental ills and problems of soldiers?

HARCOURT
I do.

DANCER
It has been stated here that dissociative reaction or irresistible impulse is not uncommon among soldiers in combat. Do you agree with that statement?

HARCOURT
I do. But not as it was put by Dr. Smith.

DANCER
Where would you depart from Dr. Smith?

HARCOURT
Well, dissociative reaction is not something which comes out of the blue and disappears as quickly. It can only occur -- even among soldiers in combat -- if the individual has a psycho-neurotic condition of long standing.

PAUL
I object, Your Honor. Is the Doctor stating a proved fact or an opinion? We are not dealing here with chicken pox or a sore throat but with the mysteries of the human mind. If the Doctor is giving his opinion it should be qualified as such.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained. Do you want to straighten this out, Mr. Dancer?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

DANCER
Your answer, Doctor, was of course your opinion, wasn't it?

HARCOURT
That goes without saying, doesn't it?

PAUL
No, it doesn't. Your Honor...

JUDGE WEAVER
(patiently)
Just say it is your opinion, Doctor, please.

HARCOURT
My answer was an opinion.

PAUL
(sitting)
All right.

DANCER
I am sure the jury has forgotten your answer by now, Doctor. Let's go back. Is it your opinion that dissociative reaction could not occur one time and one time only?

HARCOURT
Yes. There would have been repeated upsets of a dissociative nature.

DANCER
It has been testified here that a psychiatric examination of the defendant showed no evidence of neuroses or history of dissociative reaction. You have heard it further testified here that the defendant's behavior on the night of the shooting was cool and direct. As an observer do you remember this testimony?

HARCOURT
Yes.

DANCER
From this have you formed an opinion about the defendant's sanity on the night of the shooting?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

HARCOURT
Yes. I am of the opinion that he was in sufficient possession of his faculties so that he was not dominated by his unconscious mind.

DANCER
In other words he was not in the grip of irresistible impulse?

HARCOURT
In my opinion he was not.

DANCER
Your witness, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL
Dr. Harcourt, psychiatry is an effort to probe into the dark undiscovered world of the mind -- and in there the world might well be round or it could be square -- your opinion could be wrong and Dr. Smith's opinion could be right, isn't that true?

HARCOURT
I'd be a poor Doctor if I didn't agree with that. But I believe my opinion to be right.

PAUL
And good Doctor that you are, you very carefully used the word <u>believe,</u> didn't you?

HARCOURT
Yes.

PAUL
Do you think you would have been less positive if you had examined the defendant as Dr. Smith did?

HARCOURT
I believe it would have helped to confirm my opinion.

PAUL
But isn't it possible it might have caused you to change this opinion?

HARCOURT
I don't believe so.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL
Doctor, did you ask to make an examination of the defendant?

HARCOURT
No sir.

PAUL
Did the attorneys for the people petition for such an examination in your behalf?

HARCOURT
No sir.

PAUL
So your opinion boils down to a snap judgment, doesn't it?

HARCOURT
No. It is as careful a judgment as the circumstances permit.

PAUL
Dr. Smith's opinion was made under better circumstances, wasn't it?

HARCOURT
If you mean that he was able to examine the man, yes.

PAUL
Thank you, Doctor.

DANCER
Doctor, upon what do you base your opinions?

HARCOURT
Upon the findings of other doctors and largely upon my own years of study and analysis.

DANCER
Are those many years?

HARCOURT
Over thirty years.

DANCER
You were working in this field probably before Dr. Smith was born, weren't you?

HARCOURT
Yes. But that doesn't necessarily mean...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (5)

DANCER
(cutting him off)
No more questions, that's all.

PAUL
Your Honor, we would like to hear the witness's answer. Counsel cut him off.

DANCER
Witness has responded 'yes' to the question.

PAUL
(grinning)
But I think the Doctor was about to qualify that yes.

JUDGE WEAVER
Get off of it, Mr. Biegler. Do you have any questions?

PAUL
No questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
That's all, Dr. Harcourt.

Harcourt sits down, Dancer glares at him and huddles with Mitch at their table.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Does the prosecutor have other rebuttal witnesses?

DANCER
(whispering to Mitch)
We're over a barrel. We'll have to use him, Mitch.

MITCH
(rising)
We call Duane Miller to the stand. Will the Sheriff please bring in the witness?

Sheriff Battisfore goes into the lawyers' conference room. Manion is pale, seemingly stricken, his lips parted, his eyes afraid. The Sheriff comes from the conference room with Miller. The man wears a crooked smile, struts behind the Sheriff to the witness stand and is sworn.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
(to Manion)
What can he tell?

MANION
(nervous)
Nothing -- he can't tell anything.

Dancer moves in for the interrogation, glancing at Manion, shrewdly observing the little drama at the defense table.

DANCER
State your name.

MILLER
Duane Miller. Folks call me Duke.

DANCER
Where do you presently reside, Mr. Miller?

MILLER
Across the alley, in the jail.

DANCER
Do you know the defendant, Frederick Manion?

MILLER
Yessir. Sure.

DANCER
How well do you know him?

MILLER
I got to know him the last few weeks. His cell's next to mine.

DANCER
Being neighbors, I suppose you frequently have had conversations with Lieutenant Manion?

MILLER
Yeah, we talk.

DANCER
What was the last conversation you had with him?

MILLER
Well, except for a hello this morning, the last one was last night.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (8)

DANCER
Are you sure Mr. Miller, that the Lieutenant said, 'I've got it made -- BUSTER?'

MILLER
That's what he said -- Buster.

DANCER
Mr. Miller, did Lieutenant Manion say anything else?

MILLER
(grinning)
Yessir. He said when he got out the first thing he was going to do was kick that bitch from here to kingdom come.

106 CLOSE UP

of Laura, teeth set against her trembling lip.

107 COURTROOM

DANCER
To whom was he referring?

MILLER
To his wife.

DANCER
Your witness.

Paul surveys the jury as he rises. From his POV their faces are set and sullen.

PAUL
Mr. Miller, what are you in jail for?

MILLER
Arson. I copped out and I'm waiting for a sentence.

In the b. g. the Guard from the main courtroom doors comes down the aisle, hands a note to Parnell. Parnell scans the note, says something to Maida, rises and hobbles quickly up the aisle and through the main doors.

PAUL
How many other offenses have you committed?

105 CONTINUED: (7)

DANCER
Did you discuss his trial last night?

MILLER
Some.

DANCER
Tell the Court what Lieutenant Manion had to say about the trial.

MILLER
Well, I said are things looking up, Lieutenant? And he said, 'I got it made, Buster.' He said, 'I fooled my lawyer and I fooled that head shrinker and I'm going to fool that bunch of corn cobbers on the jury!'

MANION
(violently)
You're a liar. You're a lousy, stinking liar!!

The Judge raps for order. Paul draws Manion back into his seat.

PAUL
I apologize for my client, Your Honor. Yet, his outburst is almost excusable since the prosecution has seen fit to put a felon on the stand to testify against an officer in the United States Army.

DANCER
(angry)
Your Honor, I don't know who is the worse offender -- Manion or his lawyer...

JUDGE WEAVER
(patience lost)
We're close to the end. In the name of heaven let's have peace and courtesy for these last few hours. Mr. Dancer, you will continue your interrogation without comment. Mr. Biegler will not perorate at every opportunity and the defendant will remain in his chair and keep his mouth shut.

He punctuates the end of his speech with a bang of his gavel. Paul sits, humbly. Dancer takes out his handkerchief and dabs at his forehead. Manion, white and furious, sinks down into his chair.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

MILLER
Huh? Oh -- well, I was in reform school when I was a kid. That's all.

PAUL
Your honor, I would like to see this man's criminal record.

JUDGE WEAVER
Do you have the record, Mr. Lodwick?

MITCH
(sheepishly)
Yes sir, here it is.

Mitch produces several cards clipped together. Paul strides to the prosecution table, takes the cards, flips through them.

PAUL
Mr. Miller, this record shows you've been in prison six times in three different states. You've been in three times for arson, twice for assault with a deadly weapon, once for larceny. It also shows you've done short stretches in four city jails for the charges of indecent exposure, window peeping, perjury, and committing a public nuisance. Is this your true record?

MILLER
Well, them things never are right.

Paul stalks back to the prosecution table, angrily tosses the record on the table. Mitch is embarrassed, but Dancer is imperturbable, as usual.

PAUL
Mr. Miller, how did you get the ear of the prosecution in order to tell them about your conversation with Lieutenant Manion?

MILLER
The D. A. was taking us to his office...

PAUL
Taking who to his office?

MILLER
Us prisoners in the jail.

PAUL
He took you all at once or one at a time?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

MILLER
One at a time. Him and that other lawyer took us to his office and asked us questions about Lieutenant Manion.

PAUL
Were you promised a lighter sentence if you would go on the witness stand?

DANCER
The People object, Your Honor, to being...

JUDGE WEAVER
(snapping him off)
Overruled. Take the answer.

MILLER
I wasn't promised anything.

PAUL
Perhaps you just thought it might help your own troubles if you dreamed up a story that would please the D. A. ?

MILLER
I didn't dream up nothing.

PAUL
And you're sure that's what Lieutenant Manion said?

MILLER
Yep, I'm sure.

PAUL
Just as sure as you were about your criminal record?

MILLER
Well, I kind of flubbed that I guess.

PAUL
(with great distaste)
I don't feel I can dignify this creature with any more questions.

He returns to beside Manion. Dancer smiles and bows to the Judge.

DANCER
No further questions, Your Honor.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE WEAVER
Take the witness away.

Miller steps down grinning and is led away by Sheriff Battisfore.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
Mr. Biegler, would you like to have a conference with your client? I can see that Miller was very much of a surprise.

PAUL
No, Your Honor, we don't need a conference. I'll recall Lieutenant Manion to the stand right now.

Manion goes to the stand.

PAUL
(continues)
You've heard the testimony of this Miller. Is any part of it true?

MANION
None.

PAUL
(studying Manion for a moment)
Lieutenant, do you have any idea why he might come in here with a tale like that?

MANION
No.

PAUL
Have you ever talked with this man?

MANION
Yes.

PAUL
What did you talk about?

MANION
Nothing important. Certainly nothing about my personal life or feelings.

PAUL
That is all I wanted to know.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (4)

DANCER
Lieutenant Manion, have you ever had any sort of trouble with Miller?

MANION
Trouble? I don't know -- you mean an argument -- something like that?

DANCER
Did you ever attack Miller -- physically attack Miller?

Paul realizes Dancer has used Miller as bait to get Manion back on the stand. Manion looks to Paul for help.

DANCER
Your attorney can't answer the question for you, Lieutenant Manion. Did you ever physically attack Miller?

MANION
I don't think you could call it an attack. I pushed his head against the bars one day.

DANCER
Why?

MANION
He said something ugly about my wife.

DANCER
Do you clearly remember pushing or bumping his head against the bars?

MANION
Sure. I just told you.

DANCER
Then this was not dissociative reaction.

PAUL
The defendant is not qualified to answer that.

JUDGE WEAVER
Sustained.

DANCER
Lieutenant Manion, wasn't your action against Barney Quill much the same thing as your action against Miller or the Lieutenant you slapped at the cocktail party -- all done in the heat of anger, with a willful, conscious desire to hurt or kill?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (5)

MANION
I don't remember my action against Quill.

DANCER
How long had you known your wife was stepping out with Quill?

MANION
I never knew anything like that. I trust my wife.

DANCER
You just occasionally beat her up for the fun of it, I suppose?

PAUL
(desperately)
There has been nothing established to permit a question like that. He keeps trying to insinuate without ever coming to the point. Let him ask the Lieutenant, did he ever beat his wife.

JUDGE WEAVER
I will sustain the objection. Do you want to re-phrase your question, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER
(pleased)
No thank you, Your Honor. I've finished.

PAUL
I'll ask it. Did you, Lieutenant Manion, ever beat your wife on the night of the shooting or any other time?

MANION
No sir.

PAUL
Is there any doubt in your mind that Barney Quill raped Mrs. Manion?

MANION
No sir.

PAUL
That's all.

DANCER
Nothing more.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (6)

JUDGE WEAVER
Step down, Lieutenant.

Manion comes down to take his seat at the defense table under Paul's hard gaze.

PAUL
We walked into that one.

MANION
I'm sorry. I should have told you about Miller. Are we hurt?

PAUL
Bad.

Parnell comes hobbling down the center aisle from the main courtroom doors.

JUDGE WEAVER
(watching Parnell)
Does the prosecution have any other rebuttal witnesses?

MITCH
(watching Parnell)
No, Your Honor. We have no other witnesses.

Parnell bends over the railing, whispers to Paul.

JUDGE WEAVER
Does the defense have any rebuttal witnesses?

PAUL
Your Honor, I know time is very pressing and I don't want to ask for a recess. But I would like to leave the courtroom for a moment.

JUDGE WEAVER
Well, I suppose if it's important we can be at ease for a minute.

MITCH
This is highly irregular, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Lodwick, there is no reason, as the saying goes, to make a federal case out of this. You're excused, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (7)

Paul and Parnell hurry up the aisle, their heads close together, talking as they go, hastening through the main doors into the corridor. All eyes in the courtroom remain on the doors. The silence is tempered by a low mumble of conversation. A few moments pass. Dancer glances at his wristwatch, shrugs his impatience to Mitch. Judge Weaver takes out his watch, winds it, motions to Sheriff Battisfore to approach the bench.

JUDGE WEAVER
(in undertone)
Sheriff, will you see if Mr. Biegler's gone fishing?

Sheriff Battisfore trots up the center aisle and disappears through the main doors. Almost immediately he returns, followed by Paul, Parnell and Mary Pilant.

PAUL
(coming through the gate)
Thank you very much, Your Honor. I now have a rebuttal witness. The defense calls Mary Pilant to the stand.

DANCER
(as Mary approaches)
Your Honor, we'd like to protest this affair. The noble defense attorney rushes out to a secret conference and now the last minute witness is being brought dramatically down the center aisle. The whole thing has obviously been rigged to unduly excite the jury. It's just another of Mr. Biegler's cornball tricks.

PAUL
Your Honor, I don't blame Mr. Dancer for feeling put upon. I'm just a humble country lawyer, trying to do the best I can against this brilliant prosecutor from the big city of Lansing.

The jury glowers at Dancer and he paces away angrily. Paul suppresses a grin.

JUDGE WEAVER
(sighing gloomily)
Swear the witness.

Mary is sworn and takes the stand.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (8)

PAUL
Where do you live, Miss Pilant?

At the prosecution table Mitch leans to Dancer, says something and Dancer nods at the information.

MARY
At the Thunder Bay Inn in Thunder Bay.

PAUL
How long have you lived there?

MARY
For two years.

PAUL
What is your occupation, Miss Pilant?

MARY
I manage the Inn.

PAUL
Was Barney Quill your employer?

MARY
Yes.

PAUL
How is the laundry handled in the Inn?

MARY
It's chuted down into the laundry room.

PAUL
Where is the chute located on the second floor?

MARY
Between room 42 and 43.

PAUL
Who lives in these rooms?

MARY
I live in 42 and Mr. Quill lived in 43.

PAUL
Would Mr. Quill, coming up from the lobby, have to pass the mouth of this chute on the way to his room?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (9)

MARY
Yes.

PAUL
Could he easily drop something into this chute as he passed by?

MARY
Yes.

PAUL
Now in the laundry room, what is done with the laundry?

MARY
The sheets and slips are sent out and the towels are put into a wash and dry machine there in the room.

PAUL
When are the towels checked?

MARY
As they're taken from the wash and dry.

PAUL
Do you check them?

MARY
Yes. That is part of my work.

PAUL
Will you tell us what you found among these towels on the day after Mr. Quill was killed?

MARY
I found a pair of women's panties.

PAUL
What did you do with them?

MARY
I threw them in the rag bin.

PAUL
When did you learn of the significance of these panties?

MARY
Here, this morning in the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (10)

PAUL
Did you then go home and get them from the rag bin?

MARY
(opens her purse)
Yes.

She hands a folded pair of panties to Paul.

PAUL
I offer this article of lingerie as Exhibit One for the defense. They're white, have lace up the side and are badly torn -- as if they had been ripped apart by powerful hands. The label reads, 'Smartshop - Phoenix, Arizona.'

JUDGE WEAVER
If there are no objections the exhibit will be received in evidence.

PAUL
That's all, Miss Pilant.

At the prosecution table Dancer rises, cold and determined.

DANCER
Did you ever talk with Mr. Lodwick, the prosecuting attorney, about Quill's death?

MARY
Yes, he came to the hotel several times after Mr. Quill was killed.

DANCER
Did you tell Mr. Lodwick that you didn't believe that Barney Quill raped Mrs. Manion?

MARY
Yes, I told him that.

DANCER
Now, Miss Pilant, did you ever talk to the defense attorney, Mr. Biegler?

MARY
Yes.

DANCER
Was this also in connection with the shooting of Barney Quill?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (11)

MARY
Yes.

DANCER
Did you tell him you didn't believe Quill had raped Mrs. Manion?

MARY
Yes.

DANCER
How many times did you talk to Mr. Biegler?

MARY
Twice.

DANCER
When was the last time?

MARY
Last night.

Dancer glances significantly at Paul, quickens the pace of his interrogation.

DANCER
Have you now changed your mind about Barney Quill? Do you now believe he raped Mrs. Manion?

MARY
I -- I don't know now. I think he might have.

DANCER
When did you change your mind -- was it last night?

MARY
No -- I -- it was here, this morning.

DANCER
When were you given the panties? Was it last night?

PAUL
Now wait a minute -- just wait a minute...

JUDGE WEAVER
Use the proper form of objection, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (12)

PAUL
On second thought I don't object, Your Honor. I'd like the jury to hear her answer.

JUDGE WEAVER
Witness may answer.

MARY
No, I was not given the panties last night or any other time. I found them, exactly like I said.

DANCER
Do you know for a fact Barney Quill dropped the panties in the laundry chute or did you just assume it?

MARY
I assumed it.

DANCER
Had you thought that perhaps someone else might have dropped them there? Someone who wanted them found in the hotel laundry?

MARY
I hadn't thought about that.

DANCER
And in the grip of what Mr. Biegler might call dissociative reaction you rushed in here with the panties because you wanted to crucify the character of the dead Barney Quill -- isn't that right?

MARY
No, I felt it was my duty to...

DANCER
Your pride was hurt, wasn't it?

MARY
I don't know what you mean.

PAUL
Your honor, he's trying to confuse the witness. Let him ask questions that she can understand.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (13)

JUDGE WEAVER
Yes, Mr. Dancer -- I'd like to know what you're getting at myself.

DANCER
When you found the panties, Miss Pilant, was your first thought that Quill might have raped Mrs. Manion -- or was it that he might have been stepping out with Mrs. Manion?

MARY
(to the Judge)
What does he mean? I don't know what he means.

JUDGE WEAVER
Mr. Dancer, I must again ask you to put straight questions to the witness.

DANCER
This is a straight question, Your Honor. Were you Barney Quill's mistress, Miss Pilant?

MARY
(almost weeping with fury)
No, no, I was not!

DANCER
Do you know that it's common knowledge in Thunder Bay that you were living with Quill?

MARY
That's not true. Barney Quill was --

DANCER
Was what, Miss Pilant?

She looks helplessly at Paul. There's nothing he can do.

DANCER
(continues)
Barney Quill was what, Miss Pilant?

MARY
(defiantly)
He was my father.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (14)

The courtroom whispers and mumbles. Dancer is stunned. He stares at Mary for a long moment, then spins to glare at Paul. Paul plays it straight, but he can't keep the triumphant glitter from showing in his eyes. Dancer relaxes. A smile touches his lips. He inclines his head in a tiny bow to Paul.

DANCER
No more questions, Your Honor.

PAUL
That's all for me, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
The witness may step down.

Mary leaves the stand, bravely, head up. Paul escorts her to sit beside Parnell and Maida.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues)
We will recess for fifteen minutes -- after which we will hear the closing arguments. I hope the attorneys will be brief and to the point. If it's possible, I would like to charge the jury before nightfall.

As the Judge is speaking, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in all of the courtroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul is at the piano, aimlessly tinkering with some slow blue notes. Parnell lies on the old couch, hat over his face. Maida comes from the kitchen, carrying a cup of coffee, surveys the two men, comes on to peer through squinted eyes at the clock on Paul's desk. It reads one o'clock.

MAIDA
Think they're going to stay out all night?
(a pause)
Why can't somebody say something?

PARNELL
(lifting the hat off his face a few inches)
What shall I talk about, Maida darling?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

MAIDA
Tell me we're going to win. I'm counting on getting that promissory note from the Lieutenant. I hope we can borrow some money on it. I need a new typewriter. Half the time the 'p' and the 'f' won't strike on mine. 'Party of the first part' sometimes comes out, 'arty o' the irst art.' It doesn't make sense. It's embarrassing.

PAUL
Arty o' the 'irst art. I like that. It has a ring to it.

A moment passes.

PARNELL
(puts his hat over his eyes)
Twelve people go off into a room. Twelve different hearts, twelve different minds, from twelve different walks of life -- twelve sets of eyes and ears, shapes and sizes -- And these twelve people have to judge another human being as different from them as they are from each other -- and in their judgment they must become of one mind -- unanimous. It's one of the miracles of man's disorganized soul that they can do it -- and most of the time do it right well. God bless juries.

A little time passes. Paul picks at the keyboard, Maida sips her coffee.

MAIDA
I don't know what I'd do if I were on that jury. I really don't know. Do you?

PARNELL
(chuckles)
I loved that, Polly, my boy. I loved that humble country lawyer bit. You had Mr. Dancer dancing.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
I'm afraid he got the last dance -- best summary I've ever heard in a courtroom.

MAIDA
I liked yours much better, Polly.

PARNELL
Do you have to play that stuff? Can't you play Danny Boy or Sweet Isle of Innisfree?

Paul boogies Danny Boy and Parnell rises irately.

PARNELL
(continues)
Sacrilege!

The RING of the phone cuts into the racket Paul is making at the piano. He stops playing suddenly. He and Parnell turn toward Maida who has seized the phone.

MAIDA
(into phone)
Paul Biegler's office... Yes sir. Right away.
(she hangs up)
They're ready.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The upper floor, the courtroom floor, is ablaze with light. The lawn is deserted. There are maybe fifteen cars parked in the street. A water truck passes by spraying the pavement. As the truck passes it is joined by Paul's car which turns into the curb before the courthouse. Paul, Maida and Parnell hurry up the walk toward the entrance.

110 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - NIGHT

The rotunda is dimly illuminated by a few lights in the corridors off the rotunda. Light from above touches the marble stairs and from above Laura's voice is heard murmuring a plaintive song -- off key -- lazy. She is preceded by Muff -- flashlight in mouth, bouncing down the stairs. As Laura comes into view, Paul, Maida and Parnell enter the courthouse. Laura sees them and halts, leaning against the stair wall. She carries her shoes in her hand, her suit jacket is unbuttoned. She's pleasantly tight, careless and appealing.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

LAURA
Hi, sweetie.

PAUL
(to Parnell and Maida)
Be right up.

They go on up, looking back suspiciously at tipsy Laura.

PAUL
(continues)
The jury's coming in.

LAURA
(she hiccups)
I heard. Tell my loving husband I'll be waiting in the car.

PAUL
You're sure he'll be coming out?

LAURA
(putting on her shoes)
Sure. He's lucky. Some people have all the luck. Tell him I'm waiting to get kicked to kingdom come.

She meanders on down the stairs for a few steps.

LAURA
(continues)
Oh, hey sweetie...
(she opens her purse, takes out a folded object, tosses it to Paul)
Souvenir for you.

The object in Paul's hand is a girdle.

PAUL
(stepping down, hands her the girdle)
Better keep it. You might need it again sometime. You never know.

LAURA
No, you don't, do you? I like you, Polly.

A beat, then she smiles and dawdles on, murmuring her song again, crosses the rotunda. Muff playing about her in circles. Paul watches her go with pity, amusement and affection.

111 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

The wall clock reads 1:30. Only a few spectators have kept vigil but the newspapermen are, of course, still on hand. Mitch and Dancer are chatting with a couple of reporters and the court officials are lounging about inside the bar. There is a patter of conversation and air of expectancy. Manion enters with Sheriff Battisfore from the lawyers' conference room. As Paul enters the courtroom through the main doors and walks down the center aisle, Judge Weaver comes from his chambers. The courtroom comes to attention as the Judge climbs to his bench. He glances up at the clock, checking it against his watch.

JUDGE WEAVER
You may be seated. Is everyone present, Mr. Sheriff?

SHERIFF
Yes sir. All the principals are present.

JUDGE WEAVER
Allow the jury to come in please.

Sheriff Battisfore opens the door to the jury room, saying, "All right, folks," and the jury files in, tired, rumpled, the men needing shaves.

JUDGE WEAVER
(continues; when the jury is seated)
I warn all of those present not to interrupt the taking of the verdict. I will stop the proceedings and clear the courtroom if there is any demonstration. Proceed, Mr. Clerk.

COURT CLERK
Members of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict, and, if so, who will speak for you?

A JURYMAN rises.

JURYMAN
We have agreed. I'm the elected foreman.

JUDGE WEAVER
The defendant will rise.

Manion stands at the counsel table.

COURT CLERK
What is your verdict, Mr. Foreman?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED::

JURYMAN
We find --
(his voice cracks and he clears his throat)
We find the defendant not guilty by reason of insanity.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Paul's car comes speeding along the road by the lake which leads to Thunder Bay. The sun is bright and it's a good day.

113 INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

Paul is driving, Parnell beside him. Both are mellow and pleased.

PAUL
Maida gave you the promissory note, didn't she?

PARNELL
(tapping his coat pocket)
Right here -- ready to be signed by our happy client.
(he looks out the window)
You know, I used to think the world looked better through a glass of rye. It doesn't. I think I'll keep it this way. Looks nice.

PAUL
I've gotten one good thing out of this case -- that's a law partner -- if it's all right with him.

PARNELL
(delighted)
He'll be mighty proud to have his name on a shingle with yours.

They grin at each other.

114 EXT. GATE OF THUNDER BAY TOURIST PARK - DAY

Paul's car hums from down the highway, turns through the gate.

115 EXT. SITE OF MANION'S TRAILER - DAY

A littered clearing, waste paper blowing about the area, a canvas chair with a broken back has been left behind, a big oil drum serves as a garbage can and is overflowing with cans and empty bottles. Paul's car rolls up and stops. Paul and Parnell get out. Paul walks slowly to where the trailer once stood, looks about in dismay. Mr. Lemon comes hurrying down from the trailer street.

LEMON
I guess you're looking for Lieutenant Manion, aren't you, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL
Yes.

LEMON
He gave me this note for you.

Paul takes the note, reads it silently.

LEMON
Felt real sorry for Mrs. Manion. She was crying. Left a mess, didn't they? I better get my helper busy here.

He trots away. Without a word Paul hands Parnell the note and for lack of something else to do, idles over toward the oil drum. Parnell scans the note. Now he reads aloud.

PARNELL
(reading)
'Dear Mr. Biegler: So sorry but I had to leave suddenly. I was seized by -- an irresistible impulse. Frederick Manion.'

The wind rustles through the littered camp site. Paul reaches into the oil drum and lifts out a red slipper with a spike heel. The heel has been broken and dangles from its joint. He sets the heel into place, holds the slipper on the palm of his hand.

PAUL
How the devil are we going to face Maida?

PARNELL
(picking up an empty bottle)
Gin. I knew there was something wrong with that fellow. Never saw a gin drinker you could trust.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Pardner, let's go see our first client.

PARNELL
And who might that be?

PAUL
(grinning)
Mary Pilant. We're going to administer Barney Quill's estate.

PARNELL
(chuckles)
That's what I call poetic justice for everybody.

A little sadly, Paul drops the red slipper on top of the bottles.

PAUL
Yes.

They get into the car and drive away. Now they're gone and all that remains -- the last dismembered part -- is the broken red slipper lying among the empty bottles.

FADE OUT.

THE END